

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

July 1, 1949. Ten Cents

BUS STOP

DEW DRO

FAIRVIEW HOUSE 5M

CAMP CHEERIO 3M

SHANGRILA 2M

PLEASANT GROVE 10M

HACIENDA 8M

S.A. ZUTZ

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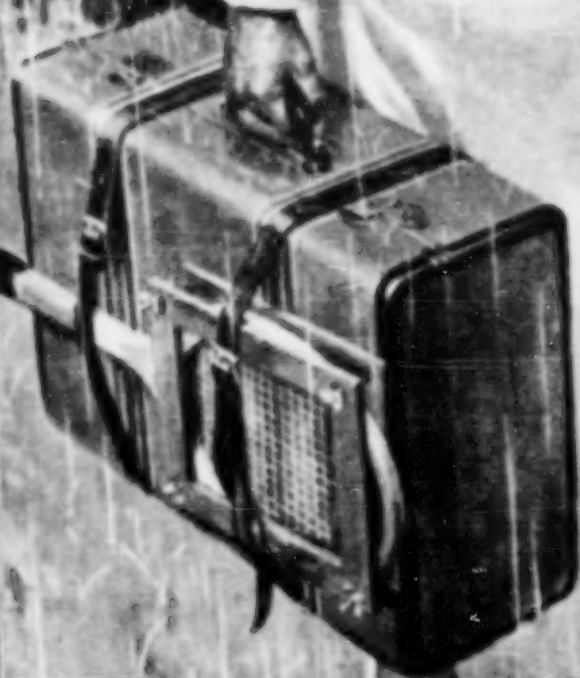
DEW W
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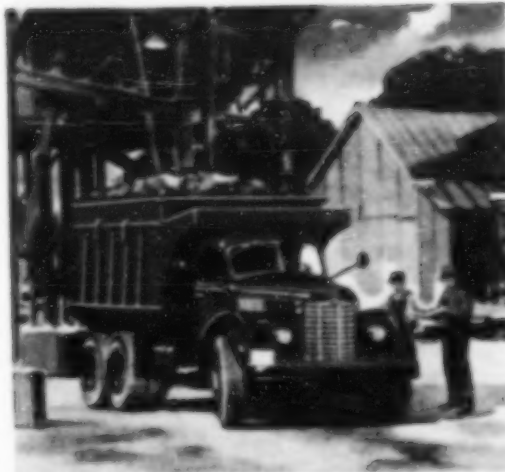
What it takes to stay heavyweight champ 17 years



1. Real heavy-duty truck reputation!

To haul lots of oil, you pick a he-man truck that's made for the job. You pick a truck with a record of performance that shouts "TOUGH!" You pick an International Truck.

Registration figures show that for 17 straight years Internationals have led the heavy-duty truck field.



2. Real heavy-duty power!

On construction jobs you need a truck that can take a pounding . . . a truck with a powerful engine, a rugged frame, sturdy strength through and through.

You find trucks like that at International Harvester . . . a builder of truck power for 42 years, a manufacturer who knows what tough trucks need.



3. Real heavy-duty truck engineering!

On big logging jobs you need size, brute strength and power . . . specialized by people who know your job in terms of trucks.

International heavy-duty trucks are big, tough, powerful . . . and specialized to handle the toughest hauling jobs. That's our engineering tradition.



4. Real heavy-duty truck stamina!

Hauling is a big job where you measure truck toughness by years of getting the work out and keeping the costs down on all hauling operations.

You can count on years of service from International heavy-duty trucks. The nation's largest exclusive truck service organization is set up to keep Internationals operating at peak efficiency, over the long haul.

5. That's why International trucks are heavyweight champs for heavy-duty jobs—

For 17 straight years, International heavy-duty trucks have been Canada's first choice for heavy-duty work. Registration figures prove it. In trucks having gross weight ratings over 16,000 pounds, Internationals are so far ahead of the field that the heavyweight crown carries a Triple Diamond emblem.

Your nearest International Truck Dealer or Branch will be glad to send a qualified transportation engineer to analyze your hauling problem, to give you facts and figures on equipment to meet your specific needs, to answer any questions you may have. Call him now.

Other International Harvester Products
Farmall Tractors and Machines
Industrial Tractors and Power Units



INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED • HAMILTON, ONTARIO

CANADA NEEDS HEALTHY RAILWAYS TO SERVE HER PEOPLE

Canada's Railways mean EMPLOYMENT for over 190,000 Canadians



It takes skilled manpower and lots of it to keep the railways rolling . . . to move passengers and freight (145 million tons of it last year!) . . . to carry the essentials of life and work to every community. So it's not surprising that the railways are among Canada's biggest employers. Last year their payroll totalled \$544,000,000.

Then, too, the railways are heavy buyers of so many things, from paper cups to locomotives. Their continued power to employ and to buy is therefore linked with the welfare of countless thousands of other Canadians doing all sorts of jobs in all parts of Canada. The fact is . . .

THE RAILWAYS ARE CANADA'S BIGGEST BUYERS



This advertisement is one of a series pointing out the railways' key place in Canada's economy. As Canada's largest builders of railway rolling stock and equipment, this company and its employees are directly concerned with the railway industry. Canadian Car & Foundry's eight modern plants turn out thousands of railway cars of every type, both passenger and freight. They are fully equipped to supply Canada's railways with rolling stock of the latest type to meet the growing needs of our expanding economy.



Last year they bought well over 400 million dollars worth of goods, most of which were grown, mined and manufactured in Canada.

FUEL—For fuel alone, the railways spent \$113,000,000. They are Canada's largest fuel users. Fuel is one of the largest single items purchased.

STEEL—They spent \$21,000,000 for rail and track fastenings. There are 13,000 railway spikes in one mile of track; and the railways operate close to 50,000 miles of track.

WOOD PRODUCTS—There are 3,000 wooden ties to every mile of track. Last year for wood products, including ties, the railways spent nearly 30 million dollars.

The railways also spent other millions for rolling stock of all types, for paper products, tickets, timetables, booklets, stationery; for food, textiles and a host of other products.

Adding taxes, duty, insurance, interest charges and other items, the railways spend close to one billion dollars a year.



CANADIAN CAR AND FOUNDRY COMPANY LIMITED

MONTREAL • FORT WILLIAM • BRANTFORD • AMHERST

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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EDITORIALS

Let's Be Optimists
On Canada's Birthday

ON APRIL 9, 1867, John A. Macdonald, soon to be the first Prime Minister of the new Dominion of Canada, wrote from London to his friend, John Sumner Maine, in Calcutta:

"I have been in England since November. I have at last succeeded. I sail in four days for Canada with the Act uniting all British North America in my pocket.

"A brilliant future would certainly await us were it not for those wretched Yankees, who hunger and thirst for Naboth's field. War will come some day between England and the United States, and India can do us yeoman service by sending an army of Sikhs, Ghurkas, Beloochia, etc. etc., across the Pacific to San Francisco and holding that beautiful and unusual city and the surrounding California as security for Montreal and Canada."

This extraordinary letter, which lately came into the hands of Parliamentary Librarian Francis A. Hardy, has singular value for Canadians of today. It shows how absurd, in retrospect, may be the fears and forebodings of even the greatest and most farsighted of statesmen.

It shows the profound wisdom of Mark Twain's remark that half the troubles of the world never happen.

What would Sir John have said to a prophet foretelling, in 1867, that in less than a century "those wretched Yankees" would be paying several billions a year out of their federal treasury to shore up the welfare and prosperity of the United Kingdom and, through "off shore" purchases of food for Europe, of Canada too?

What would he have said if he had known that Canadian officers would be working with the United States Army in Washington, American soldiers training with Canadians in the Arctic, British and American airmen teaming up to feed, by air, a city which four years ago was the citadel of their common enemy?

Canada has fulfilled, in her first 82 years, the "brilliant future" for which her first Prime Minister was so apprehensive. But her future is not yet behind her. Equally brilliant prospects still open before a nation whose new strength and new maturity are only half realized even by her own sons.

Yet if we had access today to the private correspondence of statesmen now living, as we have to that of those long dead, we might find prophecies as gloomy as the one Sir John A. dispatched to his friend in Calcutta. Now it is those wretched Russians, those unstable French, those treacherous Germans, or even—in some minds—those unreliable Americans who play the role of fly in our ointment.

The prophets of gloom may be right. After all, Canada has had plenty of trouble in the last 82 years, even though she's escaped the particular sort that John A. feared.

But we needn't bet on it. We needn't let fear impede our enterprise or blight our hope. Maybe the catastrophes which now appear so imminent are as imaginary as that Anglo-American war for which John A. besought the help of Imperial India.

Meanwhile, let's cultivate our garden.

Mondays Can Be Beautiful

WITH Dominion Day falling on Friday, Canadians are in a not unusual dilemma. Shall they close up shop on Thursday afternoon and stay off until the Monday? Or shall they drag themselves back from the summer cottage for a halfhearted half day on Saturday? Any employer choosing the latter course feels like a Scrooge, but some—notably the banks and the Dominion Government—have no choice. The law says they must observe "the following and none other" as holidays, and the list is specific.

Why can't we settle this problem by decreeing that all the legal holidays, except Christmas, New Year's Day and Good Friday,

be celebrated on the nearest Monday?

The question was raised in the House of Commons last April. Secretary of State Colin Gibson said "it had been hoped" to bring in the necessary legislation this year, but he said it was too late to try it at the spring session.

We're going to have a fall session; why not do it then? The legislation sounds complicated—amendments will be needed to the Victoria Day Act, the Dominion Day Act, the Bank Act, the Bills of Exchange Act and possibly the Civil Service Act—but it's only a small amendment in each case, and no great issue to be debated at length.

Surely Parliament can spare a few days this fall for the convenience of the holidaying public.

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The
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RESE

The
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Yea
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 ride! I
 rubber
 design
 safety.

Get
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 yellow



**Survey
made of motorists
who bought
B.F. Goodrich Tires
in the past year**



LONGER MILEAGE — "I got record mileage from my last set of B.F. Goodrich tires, so naturally I bought B.F.G.'s again." — M. E. Henderson, Winnipeg, Man.



DEPENDABLE PERFORMANCE — "I drove six years on B.F. Goodrich tires before I had a puncture near Brandon, Man. They're tops for long, safe service." — Mrs. V. Heatherington, Vancouver, B.C.



FREEDOM FROM PUNCTURES — "I appreciate the value of B.F. Goodrich rubber research. Since I switched to B.F.G. tires I've had completely trouble-free driving." — P. I. Brown, Ottawa, Ont.



EXTRA BLOWOUT PROTECTION — "Best tires I've ever had. B.F.G.'s are always absolutely dependable with stronger tread and side walls for extra blowout protection." — R. E. Pullack, Toronto, Ont.



SMOOTHER RIDING — "I like the wider, better tread of B.F. Goodrich tires. They provide safe, sure traction even on slippery roads, and they give a smoother ride." — Thomas Eldridge, Oshawa, Ont.

EXTRA VALUE . . . EXTRA SAFETY sums up reasons why

3 out of 5

SWITCHED TO

B.F. Goodrich

FROM SOME OTHER BRAND

ALL ACROSS CANADA an independent research organization interviewed motorists who bought B.F. Goodrich tires in the past year. *Three out of five had switched to B.F. Goodrich from some other brand!*

The reasons? Only B.F. Goodrich can give you longer mileage . . . smoother riding . . . extra blowout protection . . . **PLUS FREEDOM FROM PUNCTURES!**

RESEARCH KEEPS B.F. GOODRICH FIRST IN RUBBER

The extra long-wearing qualities and super-safety features of B.F. Goodrich tires were developed through research in the multi-million dollar B.F. Goodrich rubber research centre.

Years of B.F. Goodrich research produced the B.F. Goodrich Sealomatic safety tube. It seals punctures instantly . . . permanently . . . as you ride! B.F. Goodrich research developed cooler-running, wear-resisting rubber compounds . . . the tougher cords . . . the superior tread and body design . . . that make B.F. Goodrich Silvertown tires tops for value and safety.

Get all the advantages of B.F. Goodrich research. Switch to B.F. Goodrich and enjoy trouble-free motoring. See your B.F. Goodrich dealer today! (Consult the yellow pages of your telephone book.)

For a super-comfort ride, ask for B.F.G. Extra Cushion Tires.



**MANUFACTURERS, TOO,
CHOOSE B.F. GOODRICH**

If your new car, truck or tractor is equipped with B.F. Goodrich tires, take advantage of your dealer's free tire inspection service. This will assure you of the long, trouble-free mileage built into all B.F. Goodrich tires.

Makers of Tires, Batteries, Automotive Accessories, Rubber Footwear, Industrial Rubber Products and More.

Germs, Flakes, Scales on Shoulders?



Don't ignore that warning! Un-sightly showers of flakes, embarrassing scales, or annoying itching may be the first symptoms of dan-

druff! You bet! And dandruff is so very common. Yes, dandruff is easy to catch and often hard to get rid of.

Don't be a Slave to Your Whisk Broom!



A whisk broom won't get at the cause of the trouble. Neither will so-called overnight remedies with no germ-killing power. But Listerine

Antiseptic actually kills millions of germs which are associated with dandruff, including the stubborn "bottele bacillus" (P. ovale).

Get Busy With Listerine Antiseptic and Massage!



Try this simple, delightful, effective treatment! Just douse Listerine Antiseptic on hair and scalp, and then see how fast those ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear! Itching is alleviated and your scalp feels clean, so refreshed! Yes, in clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine

Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers. For more than 60 years the chief use of Listerine Antiseptic has been as an antiseptic mouthwash and gargle.

LARSEN PHARMACEUTICAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC FOR **DANDRUFF**

Made in Canada

In the Editors' Confidence

FOR the last 15 years, Charles Edward Grassick has been drawing political cartoons, like the one on page 14 of this issue, for Maclean's Magazine. During this time, and in the process of becoming Canada's top political cartoonist, he has used his bold imaginative pen as a good to poke fun at Canadian foibles, as a sharp instrument to deflate stuffed shirts and as a pointer to trace the sometimes obscure significance in the acts of our public men.

This is how he works: when Backstage at Ottawa arrives at Maclean's a copy is whipped off to Grassick in his downtown office. He ponders, then sketches and sends back half a dozen penciled roughs from which the editors select the cartoon for the issue. He finishes it in pen and ink.

It's as simple as that if you happen to be Bert Grassick and have spent years teaching yourself to be a cartoonist and devoted a great deal of your time reading history and politics as part of your job. The vigor of his cartoons is due only in part to the way he handles his pen and ink. They started out that way in Artist Grassick's mind.

He sold his first cartoon, an illustration for a hockey story, to us in 1930 when he came to Toronto from Victoria, where he was born 40 years ago. This sale confirmed a personal conviction that he wanted to be a cartoonist. Up to that time he had worked as a metal polisher (one floor) and for two years he was out of work with nothing to do but draw cartoons. He never did get to art school.

He's married and lives in Toronto. He likes music and not going fishing.

● "Let Your Child Grow Up" (page 15), by Dr. Fritz Kahn, is condensed from a chapter in the new Farrar Straus book, "Why Are You Single?" edited by Hilda Holland.



Grassick sets a Backstage scene.

Too Thorough Research

Frank Hamilton, who collaborated on "I Was an Amateur Magistrate," page 7, has long been regarded around this office as a thorough man with his research when he goes out to get an article. However, we felt he went a little too far in collecting material for his story on Magistrate Wright: he barely escaped arrest and an appearance in the magistrate's court as a prisoner.

Hamilton and a friend were driving back to Brockville one night after spending the evening with some friends of the magistrate in search of material for the article. Their car had Quebec plates which was why the provincial police stopped them and held them for questioning for a couple of hours. It seemed a Quebec car had been involved in a hit-and-run accident and their car had a dent on a fender.

It took several telephone calls and a good deal of convincing before the police allowed Hamilton and his friend to continue. Magistrate Wright made mention of it in court the next day.

"I hear I almost had you here before me today," he said addressing Hamilton, who was in court as a spectator.

"Almost," said, Hamilton breathing deeply.

"Humph," said Magistrate Wright, calling the next case.



REX WOODS went to the vacation land of Northern Ontario (near Gravenhurst to be exact) for the background of this month's cover. He also brought back several pretty fetching legends from signs which he didn't have room to get into the picture—Dunkirk Teas . . . Best a-While . . . Dew Drop Inn . . . Berkeley Square Chiburgers. When we asked the artist how this model achieved that genuine look of bewilderment, he said: "That was easy. She was a city girl who once spent a holiday in the north."



TODAY WE LIVE IN A GREATER CANADA

**GREATER
MARKETS-**
better marketing!

ONE OF A SERIES
PRESENTED BY

Molson's

TO PROMOTE A FULLER REALIZATION BY CANADIANS OF CANADA'S PRESENT GREATNESS

The stores of Canada tell the story.

Smart new fronts and clean, bright interiors; up-to-the-minute facilities for faster, easier, more convenient shopping; modern displays and smartly packaged products: all are the visible symbols of Canada's modern merchandising progress.

Canadian distribution methods are more effective, more efficient than ever. Recent advances in marketing have been as remarkable as those in this country's record-breaking production and the development of natural resources.

The whole vast field of merchandising today presents new and greater opportunities for successful Canadian careers.

"Imagination in business knows no geographical boundaries.

In this young and vigorous nation originality, based on sound thinking, pays off. To the young Canadian who is willing to raise his sights above the conventional, and work hard to make his vision come true, no country today offers greater opportunities for success than our own", says Hedleigh Venning.

**HEDLEIGH VENNING**

began his career as a junior salesman in 1926. From the beginning, he became aware of the opportunity awaiting the application of imagination and creative thinking to any job. A keen student of modern packaging, an enthusiastic and energetic worker, he is now vice-president in charge of sales of Shireff's Limited, one of Canada's larger food product companies; a great believer in scientific marketing and a leader in the field of selling and advertising.

All these add up to good living!



For luxuries, variety, warmth that gives you the most impressive night's sleep you've ever had—you need a G-E Automatic Blanket. Ideal for your home or winter cottage—a perfect gift. From \$27.50 to \$40.00.



For home-entertainment, you'll want a General Electric Radio. Wide choice, rubber cushioned to insure quiet operation. Fixed and portable. 10" and 12" sets. \$14.50 and \$18.95.



Save fifteen minutes or more out of every laundry hour with the new G-E Featherweight. Because it has a much bigger vacuum and weighs only 9 pounds, you iron faster and with less fatigue. Now low price of \$12.50.



There are G-E Clocks in great variety, styled to suit every room in your home. Self-regulating—never need winding—correct time always. From \$6.95 (alarm) up.



Long range reception and clear, rich tone are the features you notice in G-E Portable Radios. All have a special electronic circuit that makes ballistics last longer. \$29.95 with batteries.



You save power—save money—with the speedy G-E Kettle. Boils a quart of water in just 2½ minutes. For the home, cottage or office—ideal as a gift. Now low price of \$12.95.

GENERAL ELECTRIC *Appliances*



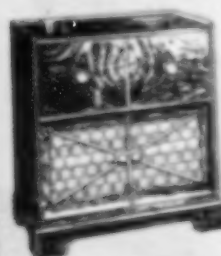
Now easy to fix every family's water—G-E Automatic Water Heaters provide continuous hot water for water. 33 gallon models. \$44.50, 55 gallon models. \$55.00. 66 gallon models. \$64.50.



G-E, "the refrigerator most women would trust," engineered in Canada for Canadian climatic conditions. From \$299.00 to \$399.00.



G-E Ranges have the new 16 Speed Control Elements—more faster than ever. Large, lighted oven with automatic temperature control. \$129.00 to \$169.00.



These are G-E Radio Photographs to give you wonderful 16, standard broadcast, clear extra—give the most perfect record reproduction ever. All have the famous clear-tone reproduction. From \$199.00 to \$299.00.



A G-E Vacuum Cleaner perfectly answers all your thorough cleaning, carpeting and general indoor cleaning. For light weight. Fixed or. \$24.50.



Streamlined for new beauty, a G-E Electric Kettle is quick—effortless—boils every time. Models are priced from \$129.00 to \$149.00.

THERE'S a man in your community who, through his training, knows all about electrical living. He's your G-E dealer and he's eager to show how easy and pleasant it is to run a home with the aid of modern electrical appliances—and how to fit your plans to your present budget. See him soon.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
LIMITED
Head Office: Toronto



He once held court from his car. Here he chats with (l. to r.) Brockville's Judge Lewis, Publisher Maclean, and Mayor Reynolds.

I WAS AN AMATEUR MAGISTRATE

By **GEORGE A. WRIGHT**

As told to Frank Hamilton

In his court you could call His Honor "George," take your shoes off and know he would hand down horse-sense justice

MAY 31, 1949, was a big day for me. It was my 75th birthday and my 53rd wedding anniversary. It was also the day I retired as Chief Magistrate of Brockville and the Ontario counties of Leeds, Grenville and Dundas, and as Judge of the Juvenile Court.

I remember when the Henry Government of Ontario appointed me Magistrate of Brockville in July, 1930. It sure stirred up a lot of talk around town because I had had no legal training.

I had been a businessman, not a lawyer. The only times I had been in court were as a spectator.

My wife overheard a local clergyman voice a general comment. "Huh!" he said scornfully. "An amateur magistrate!" When my wife told me, I said, "I'll be the best dang amateur they've ever seen!"

That was some 57,000 cases ago, and I'm still jealous of my amateur standing. Today, when I look back over my 19 years on the bench, I can't help chuckling. Frankly, it's been fun.

Except for two years as a traveling hile bean salesman in Canada and England when I was a young fellow, I have lived in Brockville all my life. My father founded and owned The Robert Wright Company, the biggest department store in town, and I went into the business at 19. I married at 22 on a salary of \$11 a week.

Despite a painful hip disease which developed when I was eight and partially paralyzed my legs, I became an enthusiastic sportsman and got into local politics. I was elected to public office 17 times, twice as Mayor.

After my father's death I became president of the store and was one of the wealthiest and best established citizens in town. Then one night in 1926, when I was 52, an age at which many successful people begin to think of retiring, the store went bust and I went bust with it. Eaton's own the place now.

Instead of retiring I had to start all over again to build a new career and a new life. Besides my large city home and my country estate at Devil Lake and a few practically worthless stocks I had nothing. But I had \$500 insurance to pay a year.

Soon after I was given the job of superintendent of the Children's Aid Society, at \$1,000 a year. I was appointed Magistrate in 1930 at \$1,800 a year. I kept my Children's Aid Society job until Attorney-General (now Senator) Roebuck told me I couldn't do both, so I reluctantly let the first \$1,000 go. However, a week later Mr. Roebuck informed me of my promotion to Chief Magistrate with a salary boost to \$3,000 (last year it was raised to \$5,000).

The last few years

Continued on page 46

DEBT DETECTIVES

By RAY GARDNER

If the skip tracers get on your trail you'd better pay that bill — or else they'll haunt you forever

ILLUSTRATION BY NORRIS



AMONG this nation of honest toilers, there is a class of shifty citizens known as the dead-beat set. They finance their way through life on the cuff and sometimes even owe a shirtmaker for the cuff.

Tracking down these fleet-footed fourflushers—a fascinating technique known to bill collectors as skip tracing—has been developed to an art by Financial Collection Agencies—described by President Joseph B. (Joe) Lubotta as the largest debt-liquidating enterprise in Canada.

FCA agents have put the finger on skips in Ethiopia (this character owed for a fur coat bought in Toronto), England, India, France, Italy and Cyprus, and in almost every city, hamlet and whistle stop on the North American Continent.

Locating these rolling stones, and squeezing blood out of them, calls for considerable ingenuity on the part of FCA finger-men, especially as most of the squeezing is done by remote control, through the mails or over the telephone.

Take "The Case of the Dead-Beat Bridegroom" which FCA considers to be a classic of its kind.

"This customer lived the life Riley would have liked to have lived," says Lubotta. "He had Riley beat, he lived strictly on credit." For years this chronic dead beat ran up charge accounts in every city where FCA operates a branch—in Winnipeg, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal, Saint John, Quebec and Boston—and in many another city as well. In each city he would become involved with a woman and then run up bigger and better bills.

FCA agents were almost always ready to pounce on him with a writ when he'd skip town and the chase would begin all over again. It was during one such disappearance that a sharp-eyed, glib-tongued skip tracer in FCA's Winnipeg office (sharp eyes and glib tongues are standard equipment in the tracing racket) stumbled upon the gimmick which forced him to cough up.

The agent had been making his daily routine check of the newspaper birth, death and social notices when he happened upon an item which caused him to announce to the rest of the staff: "Lover boy is getting married. What's more the crumb is marrying into the upper crust. This is our chance to nail him."

A Glove on a Mailed Fist

THE TRACER telephoned the bride-to-be, told her he was an old pal of the groom's, got himself invited to the wedding, found out that the honeymoon was to be in California.

The next move was to obtain a writ which would restrain the groom from leaving the country until he had squared himself with his creditors, either by paying his bills in full or by kicking in with a fairly substantial payment.

At the wedding, the tracer left a process server outside and milled about among the guests until the groom had arrived. Then the tracer moved in and nailed his man.

"Either you pay up," he threatened, "or no honeymoon."

The groom, always a rapid man with someone else's dollar, made the rounds of the guests, borrowing money on a phony pretext. He didn't raise enough to pay off in full but he collected sufficient to appease the tracer who considered it all found money.

The sequel to this story is that a few months later a man called at the FCA offices and asked them to handle a claim for \$50 against the groom. The creditor had been a guest at the wedding.

In the 23 years since FCA was founded in Winnipeg in 1926 by Lubotta, it has coaxed, wheedled and legally forced an estimated \$7 millions out of thousands of reluctant debtors. It prefers the velvet-glove approach, though at times the velvet gloves are drawn on over brass knuckles.

Lubotta is contemptuous of the crude methods used by some U.S. agencies. For instance, he scorns the agency which equips its collectors with cars painted a fire-engine red. Splashed across the sides of the cars is the name of the agency and each car is supplied with a loud electric bell. The agent parks in front of the debtor's home, and switches on the bell. Soon heads are hobbing out of raised windows all down the block.

"They seldom have to make a second call," says Lubotta.

Except when large sums of money are involved FCA does not send collectors on personal calls; too many people are out when the collector calls. FCA prefers to do its dunning through the mails and each year sends out more than a million and a half unpleasant letters.

The opening letter in any correspondence between FCA and a debtor is a mild memory prodder. Letter No. 2 has a bit of a snarl to it and, after that, the malevolence increases at an alarming rate until the heights are reached with this sinister warning:

"This letter is being registered and should we not receive full payment within seven days . . . we will know you prefer to pay to the court and pay court costs as well. This is final, so govern yourself accordingly."

The average court-fearing citizen can usually be counted on to wilt on receipt of this, but the chronic dead beat will file it among his souvenirs and forget it.

Occasionally the recipient finds a way of striking back. Once a Port Arthur man returned one of these threatening letters with this note scrawled on the back of it: "I paid the \$20 and have a receipt to prove it. It is only because I am such a good-natured cuss that I am telling you this. Actually, I should let you sue and get stuck with court costs. This is final, so govern yourself accordingly."

The supreme test of the skip tracer's skill is knowing where to locate his man. It is not unusual for the victim, once he has been traced, to express astonishment at the collector's bloodhounding job.

"How on earth did you people get my new address?" a man who had been traced from Montreal to Dawson

Continued on page 52

Priests, Pickets and Politics

By BLAIR FRASER

Maclean's Ottawa Editor

The Asbestos strike violence overshadowed some sensational news — the swing to the left inside the church in Quebec

WHEN the Quebec Asbestos strike was about six weeks old one striker had a falling-out with the union leaders and decided to go back to work. A day or two later his wife had a visit from a friend.

"What's the matter with your husband?" the visitor asked. "Has he left the church?"

"Certainly not," said his wife. "He's a good Catholic—why?"

"But he's gone back to work!" said her friend.

That illustrates the unique quality of the Asbestos struggle. From archbishops to parish priests, the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec has found itself for the first time openly aligned with labor in an industrial dispute. Many a striker has felt it a religious duty to stay out until the end.

By any standard Asbestos would have been rated a big strike—5,000 men out for some four months, paralyzing a major export industry in two towns 80 miles apart. It developed into a life-or-death fight for the Catholic labor movement in Quebec; whether the Catholic Syndicates can survive it is still an open question.

It was the occasion of the worst outbreak of violence in Quebec labor history, with strikers riotously taking over the town of Asbestos one day, beating up a dozen provincial policemen, and police taking equally violent and deplorable reprisals on the morrow.

But the really extraordinary thing, the fact that will make Asbestos a landmark and perhaps a turning point in French Canada, has been the role of the Catholic clergy.

Father Louis Philippe Camirand, an Asbestos parish priest who is chaplain of the striking Syndicate of Asbestos Workers, has been heart and soul with the strikers from the outset and in council with their leaders. This is unusual though not unprecedented. But precedent was shattered with a crash when Monseigneur Charbonneau, the Archbishop of Montreal, said from the pulpit of Notre Dame Church:

"There is a conspiracy to destroy the working class, and it is the church's duty to intervene."

He and Archbishop Roy of Quebec City and all the 17 bishops in the Province of Quebec thereupon directed all priests in their dioceses to read from the pulpit an appeal for aid to the strikers' families and to take a collection at the church door each Sunday for the duration of the strike. From May 1 on these contributions provided strikers with most of their funds. The effect on morale was electric—the strike became a crusade.

Duplessis Turns the Screws

WHETHER intentionally or not, the bishops' action brought the church into collision with the Duplessis Government. Premier Duplessis backed the employers against the workers from the start. He called the Catholic union leaders "saboteurs" and "subversive agents"; as Attorney-General he ordered

Continued on page 59



Father Camirand, chaplain of the Asbestos union (the priest on the right), attends a strike meeting. When he supported workers, Quebec's archbishops were behind him.



Here strikers pick up groceries. For funds, the archbishops ordered collections at church doors. What had been a strike became more — it was now a fervent crusade.

THE RELUCTANT BUSH PILOT



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By ROSALIE BORDRERO

A GIRL can chase a man just so far before she gets mad. I wasn't through with Melville, I was just tired of running after him. Melville's indifference would have been easier to take if Pop had given me a little support. You'd think a father would be concerned when his only daughter was practically dying of a broken heart.

"Forget the big dope," Pop would say. "There's a million like Melville." Pop enjoyed the subject. He'd lean his elbow on the engine he was overhauling and wave his box wrench as he warmed up. "Don't I know 'em! A pair of silver wings tucked into the glove compartment along with the logbook. A four-place cabin job they'll own outright if they ever make the last forty-nine payments. And a line of guff as smooth as the runway yonder . . ."

But Pop's not being fair about Melville. Melville fits all the other specifications but Melville's no dope. He climbed out of his plane here a few months ago, and got a look at the green of the trees reaching out for that sunshine. He took a longer look at the snow-capped mountains rising like a stupendous barrier out beyond the runway markers and walked in to hit Pop for hangar space and fifty gallons of high-test on credit. Two weeks later he had a sign lettered on his plane, "Melville Ryan, Flying Pack Train," and was setting down sportsmen in a mountain meadow he discovered up at the nine-thousand-foot level.

A man like Melville doesn't creep up on you gradually. One minute the most absorbing thing in the world seems to be the adding up of gas receipts, deducting therefrom the taxes, and distributing same to separate columns of the ledger. The next minute you look up to find a lanky individual in flying coveralls lounging in the doorway of the operations office, swinging from his index finger a pair of polaroid sports goggles. He's watching you curiously and your heart does three frantic bars from the "Anvil Chorus," complete with accompaniment of cymbal, sackbut and kettledrum.

That's Melville.

IT WASN'T any time before I realized how indispensable I was to Melville. It still thrills me, but lately I'm wondering if I'm not getting a polite pushing around.

"Be a darling, Julie," he says, and inside I go all hippety-hop. "Run my car into town for a lube job? I've got to bump over to Bishop for a passenger . . ."

Or, "If you're my true love, Julie," he says as he dumps a bundle on my desk, "you'll drop off my laundry in town? I'm late flying in some rations to those hunters up at the camp . . ."

I ought to shove his laundry down his throat. But I don't, because the minute he takes off I miss him so badly I could do every shirt myself and love the job.

A few days ago Melville went away on business. He's due back anytime, so instead of finishing up my tax reports I'm moping around the hangar and Pop is getting wise. Pop disconnects the carburetor from a private plane a rancher has brought in for tuneup and plumps it down on the work bench.

"I'd say from the signs," Pop begins and looks at me over the tops of his glasses, "that Melville is shortly going to arrive."

I was just going to shrug my shoulders when my ears caught the beat of the engine. Pop walked over and snapped on the receiver. The loudspeaker began to crackle the way it does out here on a hot day. Suddenly the shop was full of Melville's voice.

"Hi, little earth-bound people there below! Look who's flying like the birds. Watch me, darling, no hands!"

From her boots to the stem
on her bare! I hated her.

Pop snatched up the mike. "It ain't darling," he roared. "And don't you collapse that crate on the runway. The northbound Valley Airways is due in five minutes. You drop down pronto and park over on the apron . . ."

The rest is drowned out by chaotic thunder as Melville buzzes the hangar, chandelion up off the field and circles for his landing. Just like he's expecting, I've got my nose pressed out of shape against the window while I watch him.

I'm the dope.

THE Valley Airways passenger plane followed Melville in to the field. This field is a regular stop and we always hustle when a Valley Airways plane drops in. It's only a short-haul feeder line, working the spots where the big airlines don't bother stopping. Just the same, profits mount up when a DC-3 services at your ramp twice a day. So I trotted down to the operations office, plugged in the coffee and phoned town for a taxi to come out for the passengers.

The DC-3 landed while I was phoning, and first thing I knew there were footsteps outside the door and the pilot stuck his head in.

"Julie Gates!" he said, and I jumped.

I hadn't seen Cork Jones for months and he'd grown a mustache. Ordinarily I don't care for

to his plane. "What's wrong with him?" Melville said.

Nothing, I felt like replying. He's just observant enough so a girl doesn't have to clout him over the nuggin to be noticed. Sometimes I think Pop is right and Melville is a dope.

Melville dismissed Cork with a shrug.

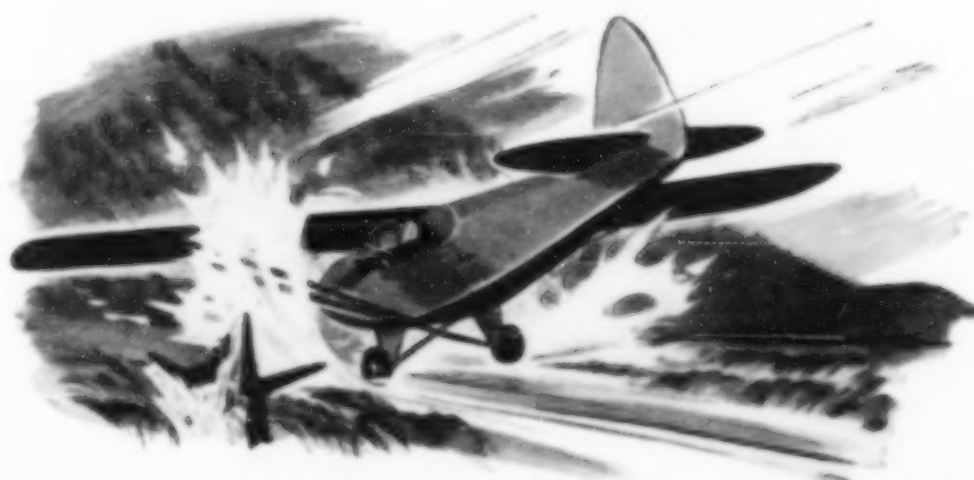
"Listen, Julie, I lined up something important." Melville sounded a little excited. "A party of two coming up day after tomorrow. One of them is chairman of the Sportsmen Club, and if he likes the fishing he can shoot me more business than I can handle. But look, Julie"—at this point he looked earnestly into my eyes and I could feel I was about to be pleasantly imposed upon—"everything's got to be just right. I need somebody to handle the kitchen end? If you could sort of come along with us and do the cooking . . ."

I love cooking for a bunch of fishermen. They wolf down anything you put in front of them and tell you it's wonderful. But the best part was listening to that little note of urgency creep into Melville's voice. I moved a bit closer and held up my face the better to hear him, and also just in case he broke his all-time record and decided to kiss me.

But Melville, darn him, has a one-track mind.

"I'm going up to the camp right away," he said.

A girl has her pride. She can't chase a man when he acts like a rabbit hypnotized by a serpent — a blond lady serpent



ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH

little whiskers with spiked ends but on Cork they looked good. I told him so.

Cork grinned. "I raised 'em to impress you." He sat down on the edge of the desk and helped himself to a cup of coffee. "Listen, Julie. I'm only going as far as Bishop. I can borrow a ship there and be back here by six. You get the old man's car and I'll drive you in to Lone Pine to the movies . . ."

I started to explain about Melville and how I was practically engaged almost. But Cork held up his hand.

"No time for objections," he said. "New company rules. Ninety seconds on the ground for a passenger stop. So if you say 'Yes' real quick, you'll be expediting transportation."

I don't know what I would have said to Cork. I always liked him a lot. But anyway just then I caught sight of Melville coming up from the apron, looking as usual very preoccupied with himself. If Melville was annoyed because I was engaged in conversation with another man he sure hid it.

"Say," he said as I introduced them, "when's that jerkwater airways of yours going to put hostesses aboard for the amusement of us bush pilots out in the sticks?"

Cork stood up and put on his cap. "As far as I'm concerned," he said and grinned at me, "the sticks are perfect, just as is."

Melville looked puzzled as Cork started back

"The last guys left it looking like a bear's been hibernating in the cabin."

"Then I'll see you this evening," I said.

Melville shook his head. "I better stay up at camp. Too much to do. First thing in the morning . . ."

I walked down to the hangar with him. I didn't say anything. I was too busy wondering how to go about reminding a man in a nice way that just three days ago he made a definite date to take me out tonight.

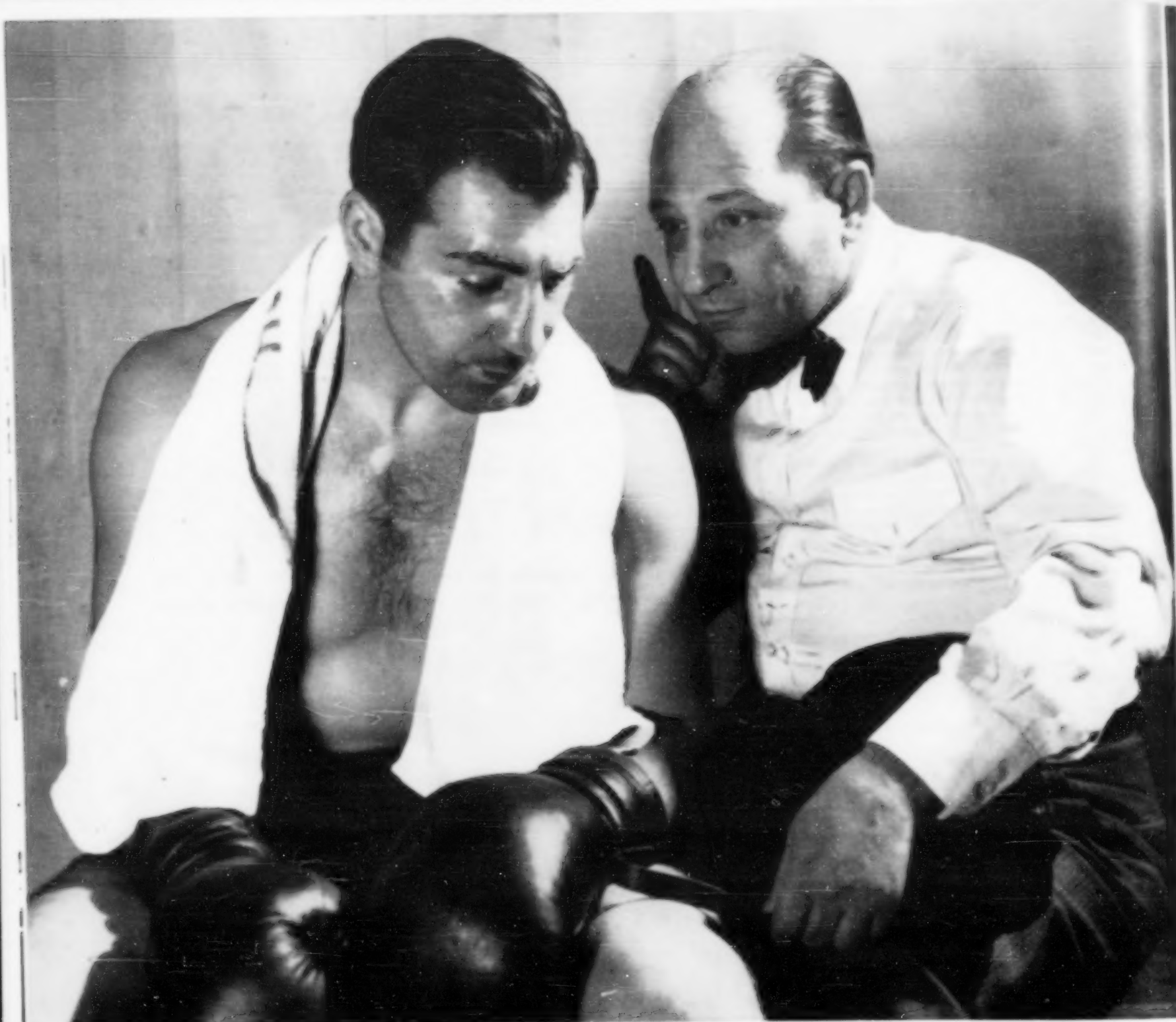
Pop came out of the hangar wiping his hands on a piece of waste. We watched Melville wind up and take off.

"I see Cork Jones is back on the Valley Airways run," Pop said, trying to make it sound very apropos of nothing. "I always liked Cork. Doesn't talk too much. Businesslike. Steady job, too."

"Cut it out, Pop," I said. "You know Cork never meant that much to me. You stop riding Melville, too. He's okay. Look at all the work he's done fixing up his camp. Look how he lines up business for himself . . ."

Melville has a nice setup and he thought it all up himself. It used to take two days of hard packing to get a party up into the mountains. Melville flies you in in twenty minutes. He's built three little log cabins with stone fireplaces, and by next winter he'll be able to handle skiers too. As Melville says, a

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The crowd roar tells that the last prelim is over, but Trainer Doyle has a last-minute word for Greco.

At the ringside, Carmen and Papa Greco. From Johnny's fists, a \$23,000 home in the west end.



PHOTOS BY DAVID BIER

PRIZE FIGHTER

Behind the cigar smoke, the gamblers' shouts, Johnny Greco sweats, starves and fights for a chance at the world title

By MCKENZIE PORTER

AT THREE O'CLOCK on the morning of Saturday, March 26 last, the conversation in Slutkin and Slutkin's restaurant, Montreal, had drifted, like cigar smoke, for six hours around the prospects of Johnny Greco.

How would Greco, 25-year-old Canadian welterweight champion, a stocky steamhammer of a club fighter, make out against Beau Jack, a lithe precision-punching Negro from Georgia, onetime lightweight champion of the world?

To the promoters, boxers' managers, sports reporters, ex-fighters and bookmakers a Green

victory seemed more important than Stalin's next move, and not even the current juke-box wow, "Crusin' Down the River," distracted attention from the debate.

Canada had not had a world champion since Jimmie MacLarnin in the early '30's. But if Greco could beat Beau Jack only a Cuban, Kid Gavilan, would then stand between him and the right to meet Sugar Ray Robinson, another U. S. Negro and holder of the world welterweight crown.

However it was not going to be easy. Greco had already met Beau Jack three times. He had drawn one fight and lost two. Beau Jack, though past his prime, had a deep chest, a wasp waist and long thin legs like spring steel. Greco's chest was massive,

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Everybody knew what Frankie Doyle, Greco's punchy sardonic little manager from Brooklyn, was worried about. The contract specified that Greco would fight at the Montreal Forum at 10 o'clock the following Monday night weighing no more than 148 pounds. This morning, 67 hours before the event, the Canadian hope was well over 150 pounds. "And he ain't carrying porridge," said Doyle.

If he weighed in too heavy Greco could be fined \$500 by the Montreal Athletic Commission. But worse still Beau Jack could refuse to meet him. Then Raoul Godbout, the tiny restless Gallic promoter, who had already sold \$20,000 worth of tickets in advance, would be in a spot. Even "Louis the Lawyer" (Louis A. de Zurek, K.C.), a bland, quietly dressed young man who looks after Greco's money and has a big legal practice in the boxing and night-club orbits, was known to be on edge.

Greco had been on a frugal diet. For four weeks he had been sweating profusely six hours a day. He was trained to hair-trigger exactitude. Psychologically and physically he was on the pinnacle. Pushed an inch too far by Doyle he would become stale.

There had never been a better moment for the rugged little second-generation Italian Canadian to smash his way through toward a world title fight. In another year he might be past his peak and the chance would be gone. Greco had to work off those extra few pounds though he seemed already to be down to nothing but muscle and bone.

It was almost 6 a.m. when the restaurant closed. The dark dawn light cast a bluish pallor over the faces of nighthawks going home. The milk trucks were rumbling up to the back doors of the Laurentien Hotel just across the road. Bleary-eyed barmen washed the last of the glasses.

"Johnny Will Be Champen"

AT EXACTLY the same time, six miles west of Slitkin and Slotkin's, the subject of the night-long debate rose from his bed in a \$23,000 home on Mariette Avenue in the suburb of Notre Dame de Grace.

Johnny Greco had been awakened by his father. Papa Greco had slept in another single bed in the same room.

The prize fighter swathed himself in slacks and two thick sweaters. On top of these he pulled a long heavy mackinaw of yellow woolen plaid. He encased his head rakishly in one of those flat caps apaches wear on the Rue Pigalle in Paris. Papa Greco wore a smart golfing windbreaker belonging to his son. Together they stole out of the house into the Saturday dawn, careful not to wake Mama Greco and the Greco girls, Carmen and Mary, both in their 20's.

They set off at a jog trot through the residential streets. Greco did his road work with elbows bent across his chest, his fists half closed. He breathed in deeply through his nose. There were three days of black stubble on his chin—too much shaving makes a fighter's face tender. His prominent nose, once as straight as those of his Mediterranean ancestors, had been thickened at the bridge by many clouts. This made his dark Neapolitan eyes seem close-set, almost squinty.

Five minutes after leaving the house sweat swam down out of his hair and he shed showers of it by shaking his head. "Good boy, Johnny," said Papa Greco.

During the next six miles father and son said little. At 48 Papa Greco needed all his breath for running. And Johnny Greco was notoriously taciturn. But it was reasonable to suppose they mused on some of the events which had led up to this daily ordeal.

Papa Greco was himself an amateur fighter who became a driver of Montreal City snowplows and water trucks when he realized he would never be good enough for the

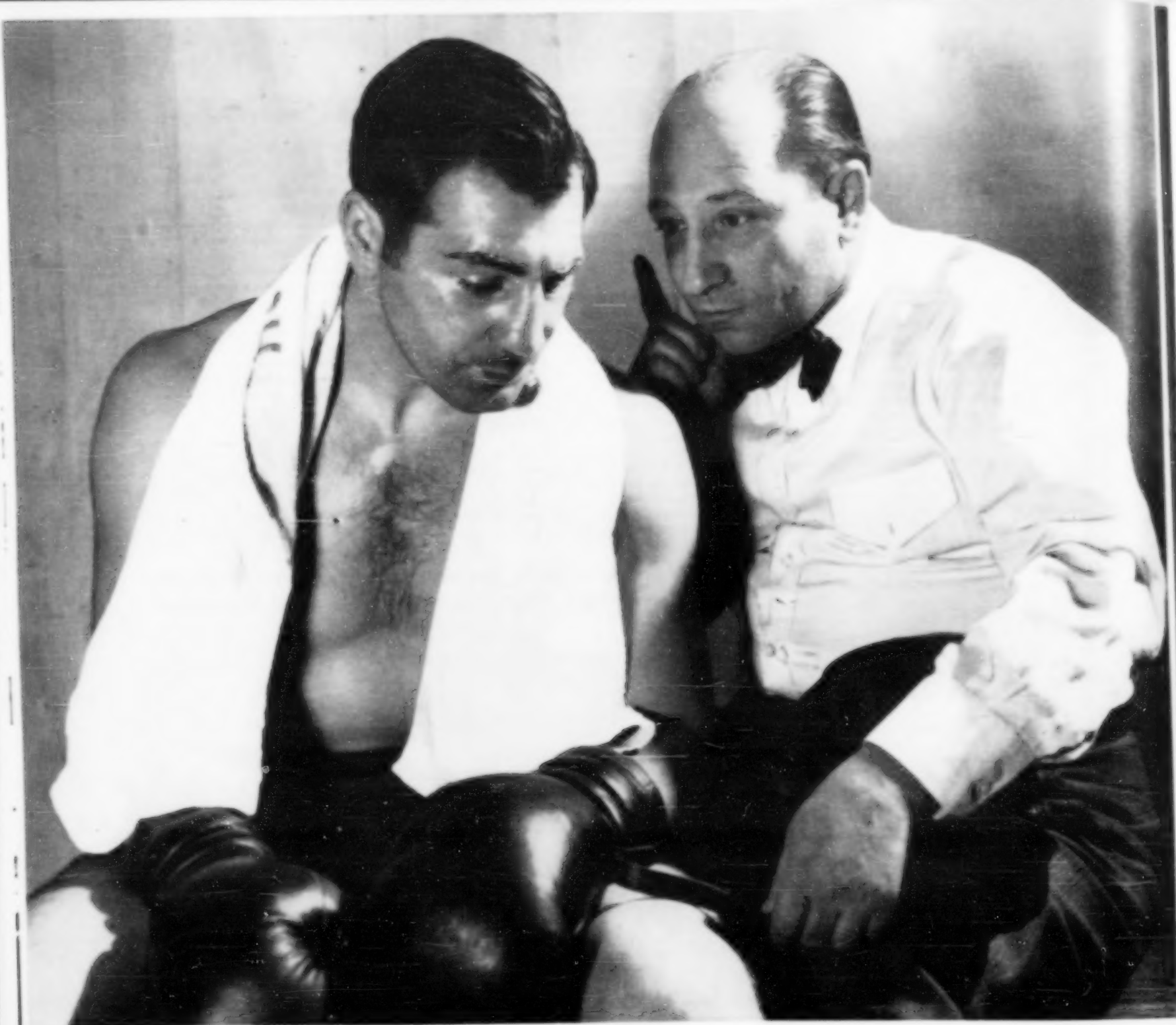
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In the gym Canada's welter champ is a hero to the kids. He fought his way up from below the tracks.

Greco methodically punches veteran Beau Jack to a pulp. The reward: \$9,000, a huge steak and a cigar.





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PHOTOS BY DAVID BIER

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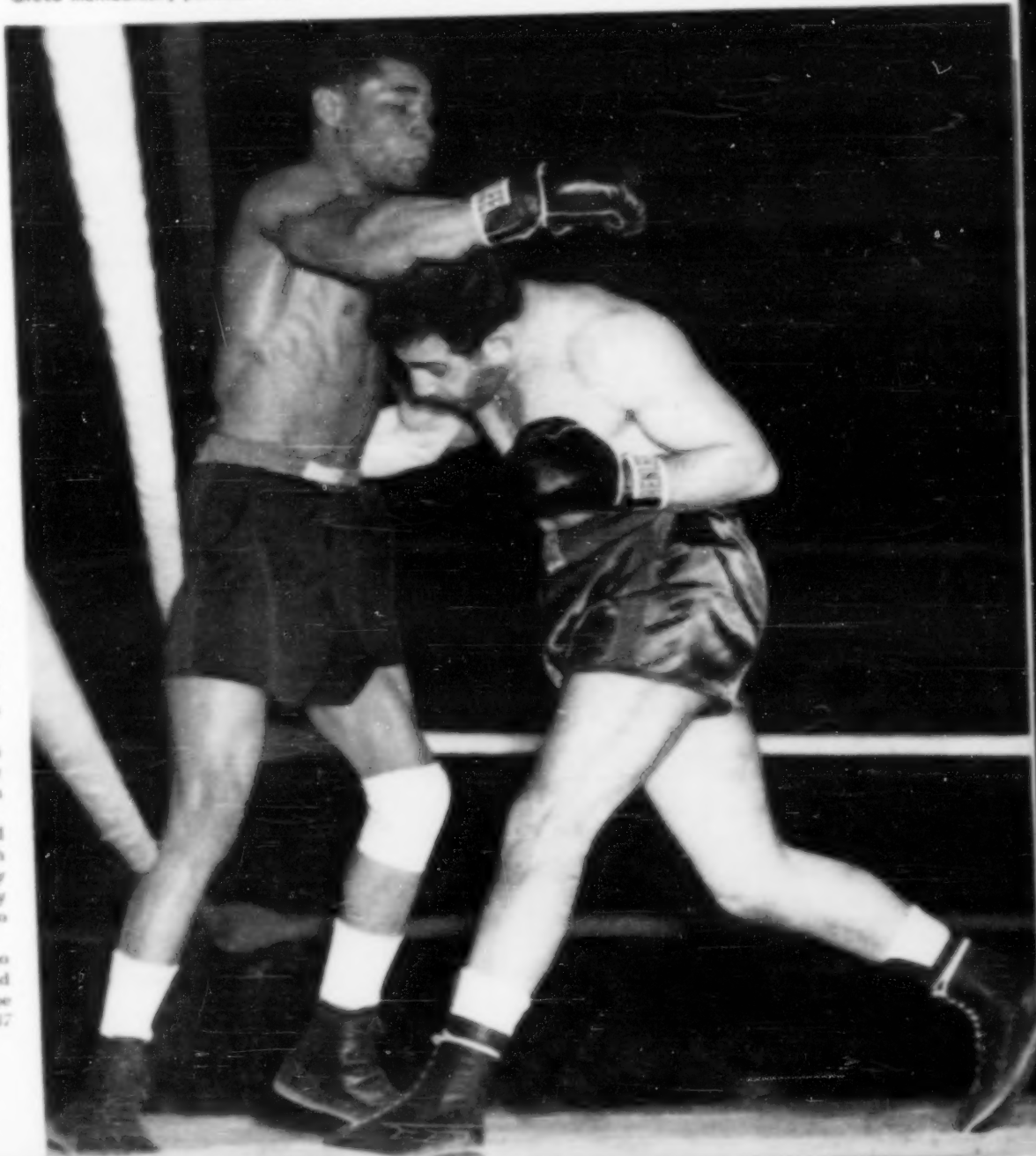
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LONDON LETTER



Can a citizen be loyal yet anti-royal?

The Threat To the Throne

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

ON EASTER SATURDAY four of us, two husbands and two wives, decided to drive to Stratford-on-Avon and attend the opening performance of the Shakespeare season. The grim tragedy of "Macbeth" had been chosen to mark the great occasion and it is always interesting to see what an actor can do with that most difficult and ungrateful role.

The English countryside was never lovelier. The trees were in full festive blossom as if for a bridal procession and the quaint old villages blinked like sleepy kittens in the burning sun. We all agreed that it was a pity that the play was to be "Macbeth." "Romeo and Juliet" or "A Midsummer Night's Dream" would have been so much more fitting to this carnival of nature.

The theatre was crowded with celebrities, near celebrities and people hoping to be mistaken for celebrities. In other words it was an event, for Shakespeare gains in importance and significance as the centuries roll on.

To the sound of muted trumpets the curtain rose on the old familiar scene of the midnight hags and their boiling caldron, waiting for the arrival of the brave Macbeth who not only possessed a vaulting ambition but was married to a lady who was determined to be the First Lady of Scotland, even if she had to behave in an extremely unladylike manner to achieve that end.

So the hideous witches proclaimed Macbeth Thane of Cawdor and hailed him as the King-to-be of Scotland. These prophecies, as every schoolboy knows, went straight to his head and, being a faithful husband, he wrote to his wife telling of the great things foretold in the boiling caldron of gizzards, entrails and snakes' guts.

After the good but rather dull King Duncan had made Macbeth Thane of Cawdor for his bravery in battle you will remember that he added to that gracious act by arriving at Macbeth's castle to spend the night. With something less

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Duplessis' Little List

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

SUCH-IS-FAME note. Not long ago a radio quiz program decided to base a question on Mike Pearson's taste in neckwear. The question was:

"What Canadian statesman wears a bow tie?"

After a 30-second pause the young lady came up with her answer: "Frank Sinatra."

"Wrong," said the announcer. "The right answer is Lester B. Peterson."

IN NEWFOUNDLAND the CCF had a little trouble finding candidates for the federal election. They knew they had no chance to win, but they wanted candidates in all seven ridings in order to get a share of the free radio time which was provided, in Newfoundland only, on a provincial network for the discussion of federal issues. The problem was to get seven people to face certain defeat in the party's interest.

One name previously suggested to Ottawa headquarters was that of a prominent St. John's woman. In conference on the subject in St. John's an Ottawa envoy asked whether she would make a good candidate.

"Oh, very good," the local committee replied. "There's just one thing against her. Her husband is running as a Liberal candidate in the provincial election. If we just wait until after he's beaten in the provincial I think maybe we could get him to run for the CCF in the federal."

IN QUEBEC, a key sector in the political battle front, the Liberals were more jittery than their cocky predictions indicated. This is not because

they had any doubt of their ability to carry the great majority of Quebec seats. It's because they didn't know, until fairly late in the campaign, which candidates would have to fight for their lives and which would have a walkover. It was Duplessis' strategy to keep them guessing.

Progressive Conservatives had candidates in most Quebec ridings, and the Union Nationale seemed to be giving a nominal blessing to them all. However, the Liberals were warned by the grapevine to look out for trouble in 30 seats.

In those 30 seats, they were told, Mr. Duplessis' Union Nationale would use "entourment tactics" to get the Progressive Conservative elected. All the Duplessis resources of money and political machinery would be deployed. By thus concentrating their full strength on 30 seats they hoped to take at least 20. In the other 43 seats of Quebec the Union Nationale opposition would not be so strong.

Liberals therefore looked forward to a substantial majority of the French-Canadian seats, but that was no great comfort to the individual M.P.'s. None of them knew, until the campaign was well advanced, whether he was one of the 30 whose fate had selected for single combat with no holds barred.

Premier Duplessis' personal role in the federal campaign was small, because of his poor health. He had pneumonia in April, and although that disease was checked by penicillin it left him with a congestion in his chest. For several weeks the doctors were unable to tell him whether this was merely the fate of a chain smoker or whether he really had a serious lung condition.

Worry about his health kept Mr. Duplessis preoccupied during

Continued on page 46



Cartoon by Groszlik

In Newfoundland the mailman carried a Liberal vote getter.

By FRITZ KAHN, M.D.

WHEN you count up your love affairs, do not forget to begin with your mother (or, if you are a woman, with your father). The first woman you loved was not that pretty high-school girl, nor the girl you flirted with that summer at Lake Lamour. In 90 cases out of 100 she was your mother.

The child's natural rival in his love for his mother is his father. "We must stop playing now, because father is coming home . . ." "I haven't any time for you now. You know that papa comes home at six . . ." "Tomorrow is Sunday, and I will have to go walking with your father . . ."

Father, father, father—the word resounds in the child's ears. It is always the father who disturbs the peace. He is joint possessor, the stronger possessor, of the mother. The little tyrant, who wants complete possession, suffers his first defeat at the hands of his sire. His father is the first enemy he comes to know, and for him he feels the emotion of hate for the first time.

This sequence of events is typical of any child's early years. Freud named it the "Oedipus complex." The Oedipus myth is a powerful work of art, just as Hamlet, Faust and Romeo and Juliet are. It should not be taken literally.

Oedipus grew up without knowing his parentage. He killed a man, who happened to be his father, and married a woman, who later proved to be his mother. He sentenced himself to a fearful punishment for his unknowing crimes—he made it impossible to do further wrong by blinding himself.

Freud plucked the Oedipus myth out of ancient Greek literature and made it serve as a symbol, a catchword to express the relation between mother, father and child. For it contains three elements that are typical of this relation: fixation on the mother; antagonism to the father; and withdrawal from life as a self-inflicted punishment.

Let us look at several examples to see how the Oedipus tragedy is acted out in real life. I have purposely not picked spectacular cases from the medical journals. Instead, I will tell about cases which I happened to notice privately. In this way you will be able to recognize similar cases in your own experience.

If you observe the people around you, you realize that certain types of marriage occur again and again. One of these is that of a strong woman to a weak man.

The Mother Picks the Wife

STRONG WOMEN are not married—it is they who marry. And they look for weak men who are wax in their hands, who will not threaten their desire to dominate. They are the women who say, "My husband doesn't eat that" (although he may be very fond of it). When one is a doctor's wife she receives the patients at the door with, "Well, didn't the radiation treatments help you?" If her husband owns a store she keeps the books. She lays out the tie that her husband is to wear, and reminds him when the income tax is due.

This mother's love, which is usually not satisfied by the weak father, is concentrated on the son.

It is frequently a very active, demanding love and may be dangerous, even injurious, to the son's development. Like the trainer of a gifted race horse, she urges him on to glorious accomplishments.

The father is simply tolerated at the side of the brilliant son, and he can consider himself happy if they take him along when they go out. This type of "patricide," tempered by civilization, may be observed countless times in every circle of society.

The son's life follows a course as consistent as the flight of a bomb. The strong egotistical mother, rejoicing in her son, holds him like a spider in the web of her love. Because of his attachment to his mother the son remains sexually infantile. He is usually

Continued on page 43

Let Your Child Grow Up

Cut those apron strings, is this doctor's warning, or "momism" will turn our youngsters into infantile neurotics

PHOTO BY PANDA



A mother has no right to be called "mom" unless she has nursed her child naturally, says this M.D.

YOU'LL GET A KICK OUT OF PAINTING

Forget about Art, and have the playtime of your life slapping paint on cardboard or canvas. You don't have to have a beret, or even an easel, and a dinner plate makes a good palette

By RICHARD LAWRENCE



Successful artist Bill Winter tells and shows you how it's done. Follow his strokes below and right.

RURAL Rembrandts and urban Utrillos are slapping great daubs of paint on canvas these days in a lively Canadian renaissance of amateur painting. Everybody's doing it—butter, broker and pediatrician; the Governor-General paints and so does Ernie Sellery, elevator operator. So can you.

On a bald stretch of prairie, a few miles west of Medicine Hat, farmer John Thornbury sits on the running board of his car and paints a lonely haunting picture of a freight train highballing east.

In West Vancouver, Jack Scott, newspaper columnist, relaxes on the veranda of his seafront home, and with his paintbrush tries to spear and pin on canvas the same screeching gulls he writes about in his newspaper pieces. "Boiling them in oils," he calls it.

On Toronto's Yonge Street, Vernon Taplin operates what is probably the only shoe store in the country hung with the proprietor's own oil paintings. The Taplin masterpiece is a portrait of his mother.

The Toronto offices of McLeod, Young and Weir, investment dealers, have been turned into a one-man art gallery by senior partner D. I. McLeod. More than 60 of his paintings are hung there; even the switchboard girl's cubicle is enlivened by a landscape.

Judge Frank Denton, another Torontonian, often has a dozen of his landscapes on display in his chambers.

Dr. John R. Ross, Toronto pediatrician, paints to take his mind off children's ills. (His painting of the death of Sir Frederick Banting, discoverer of insulin, won a second prize of \$1,000 at the American Medical Association's annual exhibition two years ago. Dr. Barling, incidentally, was an enthusiastic and talented painter. Dr. Ross often accompanied him on sketching trips.)

This boom in oils is not likely to unearth a native Cézanne or even a primitive painter like Grandma Moses, but it is certain to add up to a good deal of unadulterated fun for the thousands who dabble.

The beauty of painting is that anyone—even you and I—can paint. There's no mystery to it. All you need to do is to scare up a few inexpensive materials and have at it—paint. That's all, just paint.

In many ways it's like golf. Golfers talk a lot of hocus-pocus about grips, stance and keeping your eye on the ball. Strip golf of its mysteries and it's simple—all you have to do is hit the ball. Same thing with painting. Don't let all the talk about art, with a big high-brow A, throw you.

There is a slight catch, of course. As you keep at it you'll find painting never gets easier; it gets tougher. Which, again, is like golf. This is a quality of both which lends them much of their fascination.

But how to start? What materials do you need? What colors do you paint with? What should you paint?

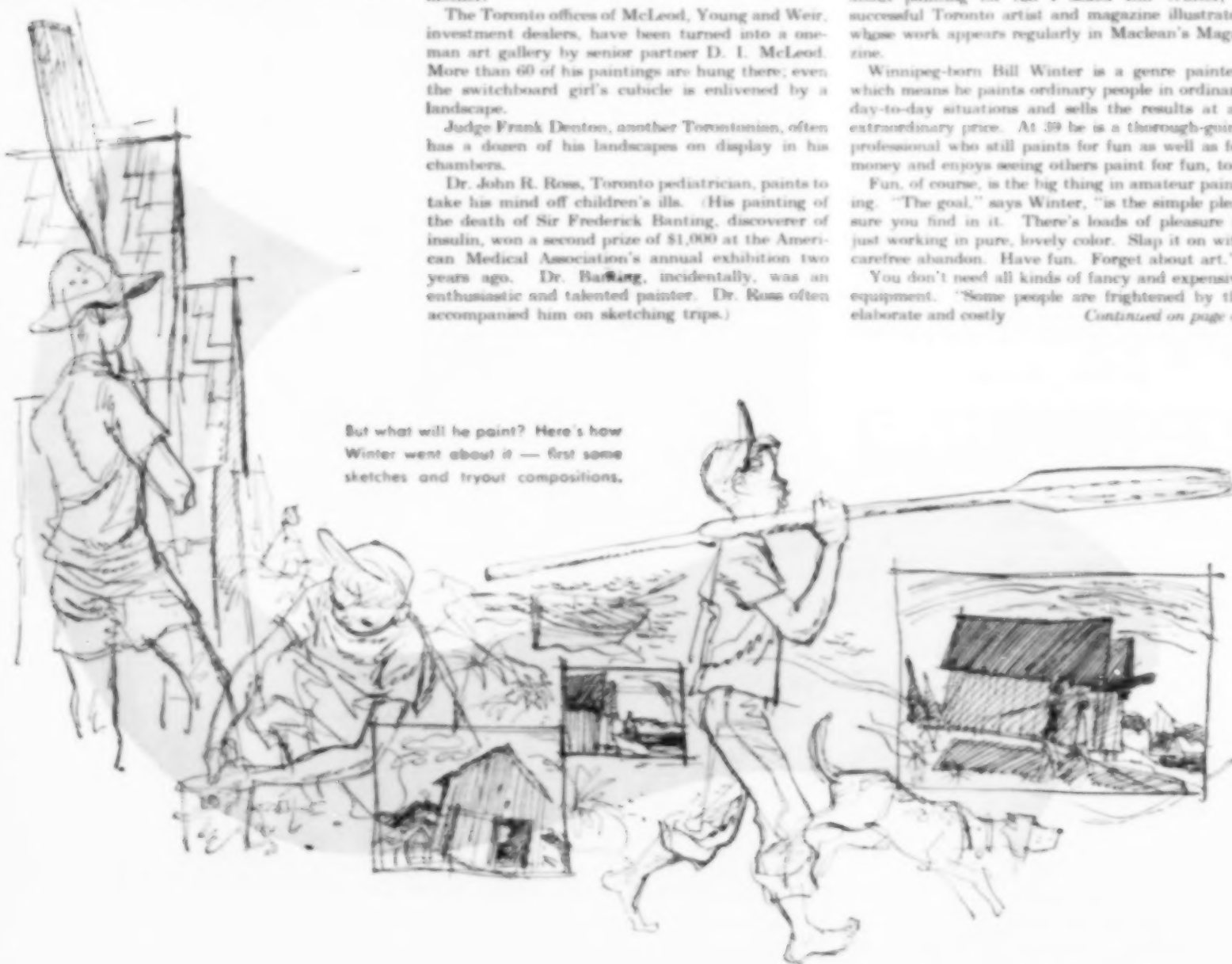
For the answers to these and other questions about painting for fun I asked Bill Winter, a successful Toronto artist and magazine illustrator whose work appears regularly in Maclean's Magazine.

Winnipeg-born Bill Winter is a genre painter, which means he paints ordinary people in ordinary day-to-day situations and sells the results at an extraordinary price. At 39 he is a thorough-going professional who still paints for fun as well as for money and enjoys seeing others paint for fun, too.

Fun, of course, is the big thing in amateur painting. "The goal," says Winter, "is the simple pleasure you find in it. There's loads of pleasure in just working in pure, lovely color. Slap it on with carefree abandon. Have fun. Forget about art."

You don't need all kinds of fancy and expensive equipment. "Some people are frightened by the elaborate and costly

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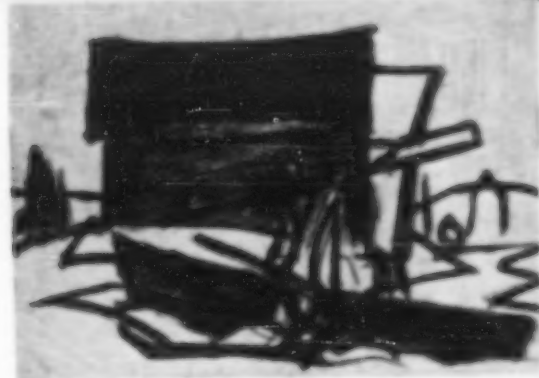
But what will he paint? Here's how Winter went about it — first some sketches and tryout compositions.



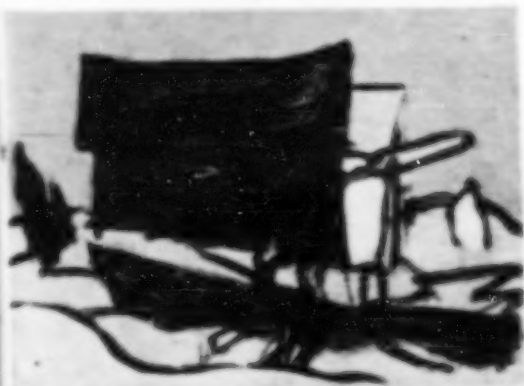
Onto canvas (cardboard will do as well) goes the sketch in pencil, lightly. Over it a wash in warm color, thinned with turps.



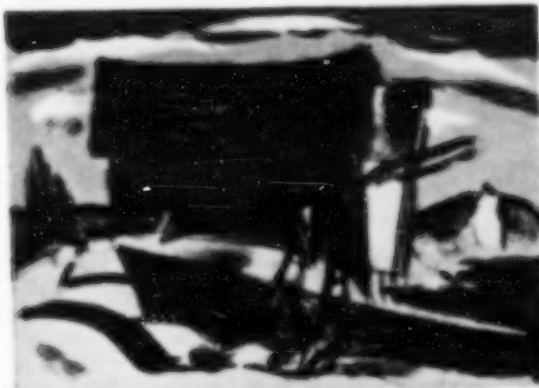
Here we go! Squeeze some brown onto the palette (you can use a dinner plate) and boldly strengthen the sketched lines.



Winter then applies the very darkest colors. "Slap it on," he says. "Lash out! Be bold! The subtleties can come later."



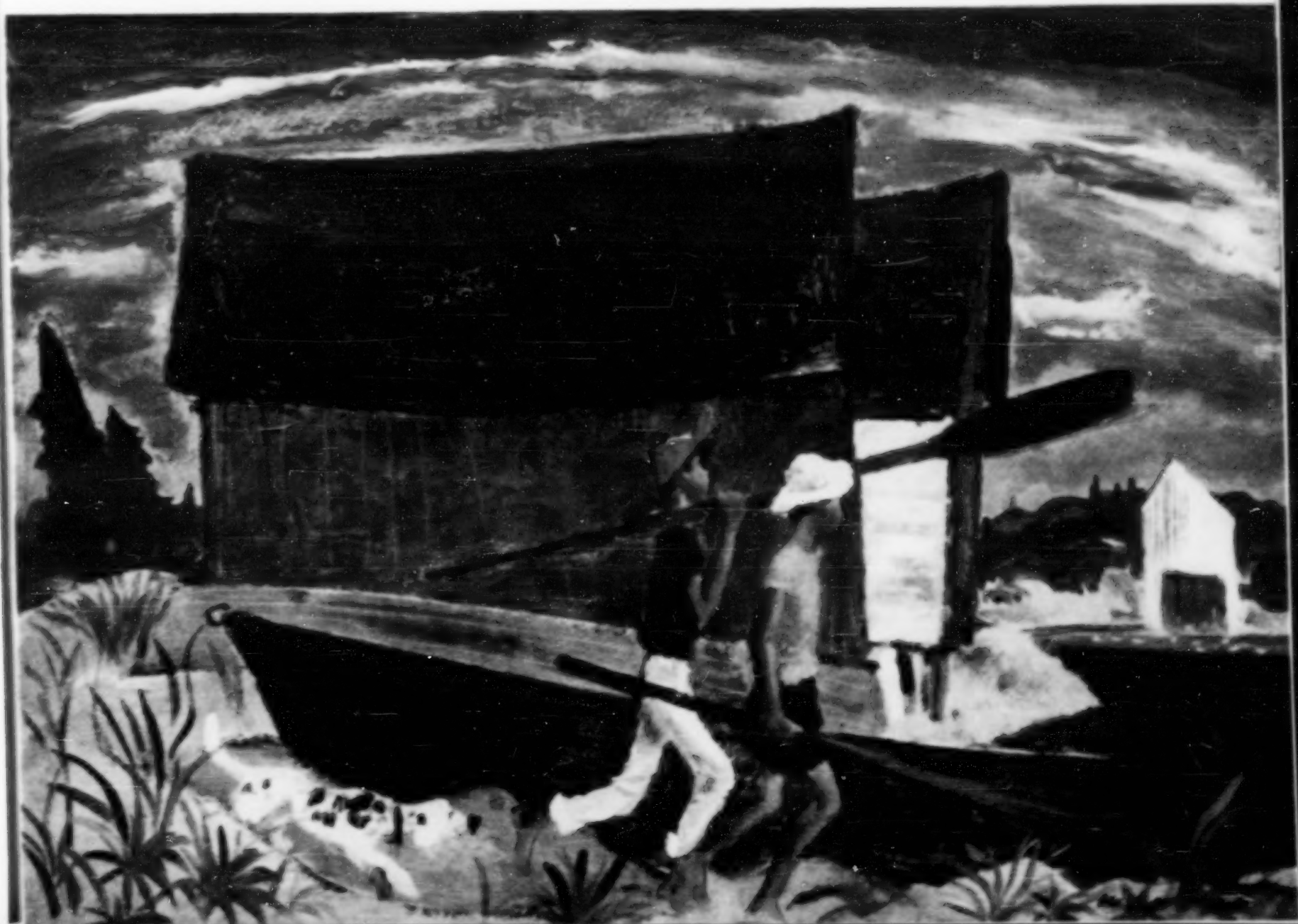
Lightest tones next. A rag can wipe out mistakes, and that's why Bill advises beginners to start with oils, not water colors.



The in-between tones of sky, water and earth go on. Nine colors on his palette are enough for the beginner, says Winter.



Next the "pulling together" of the colors and the finishing touches (boys' caps, dog, etc.) and the picture is done.





Jack Waters took this picture on Ansco Color Positive Film. He prefers Ansco because "...the colors are more than just colorful, they're the exact colors I saw when I took the picture!"

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COLOR TIPS — by the Ansco Color Laboratories



• Here are some tips on taking color pictures—right from the men whose research gave you the glorious reality of Ansco Color Positive Film.

Best hours for color pictures are after 10:00 a.m. and before 4:30 p.m. But shooting before or after these

hours will give you many interesting and unusual effects!

Keep the sun behind you—have subjects in a flat, even light with as little contrast as possible between bright and shadow areas. The colors will provide all the contrast needed.



An ideal camera for color work (as well as black and white!) is the Ansco 16.3 Speedex. Its coated lens takes crisp, sharp pictures at shutter speeds up to 1/100th of a second! Flash-synchronization is built right into the shutter. Chrome-trimmed bright work. Black black grained covering. See the 16.3 Speedex and you'll know why photo fans bought nearly 2,000,000 Ansco Cameras in '48!



Ask for **ANSCO** true color film!

By JUNE CALLWOOD

BERYL BRAITHWAITE is a 13-year-old schoolgirl who lives in a little town called Streetsville, 20 miles outside Toronto. She has white-blond hair, dancing blue eyes, dimples and a four-figure bank account.

Beryl is a radio actress, the best Canadian child actress in the business. When she goes on the air she earns roughly a dollar a minute, union scale, and she has been heard coast to coast almost every week of her life for the past three years.

When she is off the air she occasionally prattles in her light girlish voice about her stocks and bonds, futures in certain industrials and the inadvisability of some mining investments. A broker admirer has been giving her tips for the past two years.

Her working day is Wednesday, though she sometimes works on other days as well. On a working day she wears silk stockings to school instead of her customary ribbed wooden ones. At 11 o'clock she slips out of her Grade VII classroom and takes the train to Toronto. She lunches in Union Station and then boards a streetcar to a movie or the public library, where she spends two or three hours.

Around 3 o'clock she turns into the rambling building on Jarvis Street which houses the Toronto studios of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. She waves at the receptionist, hangs her coat in the waiting room and climbs upstairs to the studio to begin rehearsing. About two hours later her show goes on the CBC network, with the biggest audience of small fry of any children's broadcast in the land.

Best Friend and Worst Enemy

FOR THIS kind of a job the competition is keen, but Beryl is well ahead of the pack of moppets whose eager feet pitter-patter into audition rooms. For one thing she is a pleasant, well-mannered child in a profession which abounds in brats of all ages; for another she loves to act, and doesn't freeze when the producer gives her the On The Air signal.

It is this knack of being unconcerned at the knowledge that a few hundred thousand people are listening to her slightest sniffle that marks Beryl apart. Even within the radio business there are some (notably orchestra leader Mart Kenney) who sound like terrified truants when confronted by a mike. Beryl's father, radio script writer Max Braithwaite, shook visibly the first time he spoke on the air and his small daughter watched with astonishment.

Beryl has been a radio actress for more than three years, playing the parts of children ranging in age from six to 16 and including the role of a boy. She has done some commercials—of the "Why is your shirt so dirty when mine is so white?" variety—which have been dubbed into the Canadian edition of such shows as the Bob Hope and Annen's Andy productions. But her best-known role is the one that brings her to Toronto every Wednesday. She is radio's Maggie Muggins.

Maggie Muggins is a chirping six-year-old red-head, heard on the CBC network for 15 minutes every Wednesday afternoon. Her popularity has made the Muggins child an industry. Two books written about her have sold 80,000 copies; about 25,000 Maggie Muggins dolls have been sold since last November and the demand is increasing.

Dressed as Maggie Muggins in a gingham dress and organdie pinafore and with her yellow hair tinted red, Beryl has made five personal appearances in Toronto, Hamilton and Montreal to autograph copies of the Muggins books or to endorse the Muggins dolls. These appearances haven't helped make her wealthy—she received \$5 for each one from the publisher and doll manufacturer.



Blond Beryl (Maggie to you) turns from radio script to bedtime book for sister Sharon and brother Chris.

MEET MAGGIE MUGGINS

Turning back the clock to play radio's lovable moppet is a breeze to Beryl Braithwaite. But at 13 she's got a shrewd eye on a movie future

Despite the experience and acclaim Maggie has brought Beryl, Maggie could be her worst enemy. At the CBC everyone greets her as "Maggie." Kiddies swarm around her and her escort at personal appearances, where she is introduced as Maggie and always signs autographs "Maggie Muggins."

The most striking feature about Beryl's attitude to yelling children waving autograph books at her is that she has no attitude at all. She neither simpers nor attempts nonchalance. She remains relaxed, grins gaily at everyone, answers questions about herself with a thoroughness that varies according to her fan's age and understanding and,

best of all, shows a mature kindness to the littlest shy ones. The tongue-tied frightened tots get asked about their dolls and trains, have their new shoes or dress admired and return to the mothers shiny-eyed with adoration for Maggie Muggins.

Each of the Muggins dolls was accompanied by a picture of Beryl and on the reverse side was some literature about Maggie Muggins, which described the career of Maggie's author (Mary Gramman) in great detail. Beryl's name was not mentioned.

Beryl's identity is kept in the background because the role of Maggie Muggins is a transient one for actresses, since Maggie must remain a six-year-old. Beryl was the original. *Continued on page 35*

By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

THIS darksome, chill and snowy March morning seemed made to order for a man who has to catch up on sleep after his late shift at a broadcasting station. But Paul Gary was not catching up on his this morning. An odd and irritating sound probed through his slumber.

His arm groped drowsily for his wife. But Emmy's side of the bed was empty. He focused a half-open eye on the crib in the corner. But the baby—the youngest of their four—was sleeping soundlessly, a blanketed cocoon of humped-up behind and wavy blond hair. Then it wasn't the baby who had awakened him.

He heard it again. It was the querulous bleat of a goat—and Paul swore fullheartedly into his pillow. Couldn't a man even get his well-earned sleep without his enemy disturbing him? . . . And then his sleep-fogged mind remembered his conversation with the policeman last evening.

He smiled in secret smugness . . .

Paul on a sudden inspiration had asked him, "Officer, isn't it against the law to keep a goat inside the city limits?"

"Oh yes, there's laws about such things. That comes under the Zoning Board and the Health and Sanitation department. Trouble is, they can't keep track of people that keep livestock in town unless someone turns in a complaint."

"Well, I'm turning one in and you see that they send an investigator out. These people live on the corner of Thirty-first and Linden—it's a big, grey house. They have a goat and it's a nuisance and a menace."

Paul watched the address go down in the policeman's notebook. The law enforcer need never know that he, the complainant, was also the head of the house on the corner of Thirty-first and Linden and that he had to prod the law into issuing the edict which the head of the house himself wasn't hard-boiled enough to issue to his wife, Emmy, and his four children.

EMMY, the gullible, the warm-hearted, the impractical, the unpredictable—Other couples made monthly payments on tidy, white-painted houses with untroublesome plumbing and heating systems, while the Paul Garys squeezed out payments on this forty-two-year-old house away out on Linden Street. It's shabby grey exterior begged for a coat of paint, its furnace needed an asbestos overcoat, and since moving in the Garys knew all the plumbers in town by their first names.

Other couples had pedigreed cocker spaniels to grace their house and yard—and what did the Paul Garys have? A pale-eyed whiskered goat named Rachel that was heavy with kid.

Three days ago when Paul had driven home from work he found in their back yard a great wad of children completely surrounding some object of interest. Little Smey, who was almost four now, had come running out to the curb to meet him and to ride, like a clinging caterpillar, on his leg.

Emmy left the small mob and met him at the gate. Her face was rosy with the March chill and highlighted with the contagious excitement that Paul always had to stifle himself against. It struck him with wonder, as it always did, that Emmy could be the mother of four children, the oldest eight and the baby eleven months, that she could be wearing an old green sweater with every button off but two, and still be so alarmingly pretty and desirable.

"Paul, guess what! We've bought a goat."

"We've bought a goat?" he had flung back at her.

"But, Paul, you know it just didn't seem right to have to pay forty-two cents every day for the baby's quart of milk."

No, it hadn't seemed right—that extra twelve

dollars and sixty cents monthly to the Supreme Goat Dairy added to their already staggering list of monthly payments. For they had no sooner bought and moved into this run-down, two-story house than they were faced with so many musts. Repairing the roof, putting up a fence to keep little Smey out of the street, replacing the cracked toilet with a new one. It hadn't seemed right that Donnie, the baby, should develop an allergy to cow's milk so that the doctor prescribed a quart of goat milk daily.

"We named her Rachel," Paul's oldest son, Vincent, contributed.

And six-year-old Put said gravely, "We don't want to get her excited because she's going to have a little goat any day now."

Paul looked into the pale and inimical eyes of the grey-white, whiskered and misshapen goat. "Who unloaded this Rachel onto you, Emmy?"

"The man from the Supreme Goat Dairy. He said if we took her now she'd be used to us by the time she came fresh. She's a four-quart goat, he said. The only reason he sold her was because—well, he said she wasn't a good herd goat."

"A rugged individual, I suppose."

"Look, Paul," Emmy said fervently, "don't you see how perfect it is? She'll eat the garbage and

fertilize the roses. She'll graze the lawn so you won't ever need to cut it. And we won't have to pay out twelve dollars and sixty cents every month for Donnie's milk—"

"I'd rather pay for his milk than for Rachel."

"But she'll pay for herself. Look—four quarts a day. We can sell goat milk to neighbors. There's nothing better than goat milk for ulcers. When she has her little kid we can sell it. And we'll still have Rachel."

"Think of that. I can give up my radio job and we'll live on our income from Rachel."

Emmy giggled. "Not income—output."

Vincent, the literal, said, "Sometimes they have twins."

Paul groaned. "Emmy," he said helplessly, "we've just moved into this neighborhood. It's what is known as a *good neighborhood* even though our house is a two-story rattrap. Do you want everybody to refer to us as 'the people that keep a goat'? Do you want all the neighbors to hate us?"

"But we're on a corner, Paul. The only neighbor we have to worry about is Mrs. Elliott next door."

"We'd better worry about her," Paul said vehemently. "That's all we need—to get in hot water with Mrs. Elliott."

At the very mention of her name Paul frowned.



Bottle in hand, Emmy straddled Rachel.

They had bought this house with such eager and undue haste in order to move out of the two rooms in Emmy's Aunt Lou's basement. It wasn't until after they had moved in that a minute examination of the abstract proved that what they thought was their lot line extended four feet onto Mrs. Elliott's property. Which meant that if she wanted to be drastic she could claim part of the Gary driveway, as well as a slice of the brick barn which some tenant had halfheartedly converted into a garage.

"But she's so nice," Emmy said.

Paul said, "I can't imagine Mrs. Owen P. Elliott with her three different fur coats and her tens for celebrities and her committee meetings living

happily ever after alongside us if we go in for goats."

"She seems real neighborly and nice," Emmy repeated.

... Oh, Emmy, Paul had thought, you and your farm-girl friendliness, you and your being sure the world is made up of neighborly people...

NOW, on this snowy March morning, Paul remembered the policeman writing their address in his book, and he burrowed into his pillow. Let the Zoning Board and Health and Sanitation Department hurry and send out the burliest policeman on the force to tell Emmy she had to get rid of Rachel.

But he couldn't sleep. Doors were slammed. Someone came bolting up the stairs; that would be Vincent, whose tiptoe was as loud as a horse's trot. He came into the room where his father was supposed to be sleeping. A dresser drawer rasped as he yanked it out. He took something—it must be the electric heat pad because the plug at the end of the cord clackety-clacked after him as he galloped down the hall and stairs.

Little Samy was yelling shrilly from the head of the stairs, "Couldn't I use this old pink coat of mine?" Next Emmy came scurrying in to their bedroom and grabbed some extra bedding from the foot of the baby's

ILLUSTRATED BY W. WINTER

We'll Still Have Rachel

Life with Emmy and her four youngsters was full of surprises. When Rachel showed up with her three kids it was just too much for a man to stand





Sturdy Maija (we'd call her Mary) walked out of her native Karelia when Russia moved in. The stoical Finns believe in hard work today, letting tomorrow take care of itself.

Home From My Homeland

When another land holds your childhood, there's always the urge to go back. So Eva-Lis returned to Finland, and found that home is really where your heart is

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

IN TWO HOURS more I'd be in Finland, for the first time in 18 years. I stared out of the small window of the K.L.M. Flying Dutchman at the green fields of Denmark fading away, at the widening gap of Kattegat Strait. In about two hours, I thought, past and present would become one, and I would be home—or would I be home? I searched in my heart for excitement and found an oddly dispassionate wonder. It's only about two more hours now, I kept telling myself. After 18 years.

Then the pretty East Indian stewardess with slanted black eyes came up. "The captain would like to see you."

I walked to the cockpit. Two characters, a lean blond young man and a stocky, Humphrey-Bogartish one grinned at me. "Cheers," the blond one said. "I'm Frank Rock, Edmonton, originally. This is Tuchak, he claims to be from Montreal." Canadians—K.L.M. pilots.

The void of emotion I'd been contemplating began to fill up. I thought: How right, my new countrymen taking me back to my old land. Here's the tie. Here is a fact I can grasp.

We shouted above the roar of the engines, the accent three weeks in Europe had sharpened into a homey Canadian sound to me ringing staccato in the cockpit. You spoke another English to these guys than you did to foreigners. They knew what you knew. You didn't have to explain colloquialisms.

"You better stay and have dinner with us in Stockholm. It'll be midnight before you'll get to Helsinki," Frank Rock shouted.

Hey, They're Speaking Finnish!

THANKS. Love to. Can't. I shouted back. "After moaning for years that I wanted to go to Finland, how'd I explain to Macken's I stayed in Stockholm for dinner on my way there?"

"After 18 years what's a night?" Tuchak wanted to know.

It was Canadian, and familiar, and now the plane was coming over Stockholm and to the twilight of Bromma, the airport. I got out and there was another, a smaller ship, drawn close. Blue and white tail, "Finnish Airlines" painted on the silver side, in blue.

"A big, juicy, rare steak," Frank Rock said, grinning, as he walked by.

"I'm getting on that thing," I nodded toward the Finnish plane. "Thanks all the same."

Two people behind me were speaking Finnish. I had to keep myself from turning to stare at them.

We left almost immediately, but below the lights had come on. This was a smaller plane, less comfortable. A converted Dakota, I think. There was a draught. We headed east, into the night.

For a while rain beat against the windows and

I remembered how I'd stood, 12 years old, and utterly alone, on board ship 18 years ago, and rain had come down in grey streaks, and Finland had drawn away from the ship. I don't think I'd cried then.

Perhaps that was why I'd carried for long inside me a feeling that was like a stone, and dark.

Nobody but a Finn could ever understand this almost sensual love all Finns have for their land. I knew it to be ununderstandable for I'd tried explaining it often, to friends carefully, to acquaintances with examples. And yet, now, after nearly two thirds of my life away, coming back, I felt nothing. Nothing at all, nothing.

When we came out of the rain there was new land below. Black and silver in the moonlight. Black forests and headlands streaked liberally with moon-silvered lakes, flying through the night toward Helsinki.

I came out into the black northern night carrying the armful of Dutch flowers I'd got only some five hours earlier at the Schiphol airport, in Amsterdam, and for a moment I felt like turning sharply back, and getting into the plane and saying, "Home, James."

While my bags went without fuss through the customs I stopped to buy Finnish marks. I got the official rate of 130 marks to a dollar. They were huge, handsome bills worth, I was to find out, hardly anything. "No paper shortage here," I said to the sleepy girl at the desk.

She looked at me in a puzzled way. It was a feeble joke but she appeared so perturbed I explained: "Such large bills. Obviously you have plenty of paper here."

She nodded seriously. "Yes. It is one of our main exports." I remembered my mother. Sometimes even yet she makes a Finnish joke and it doesn't come off at all in English.

Lovers in the Leafless Park

THE AIRLINE BUS came through the dark, unfamiliar city, skirting the bays and inlets of the Gulf of Finland which fingers Helsinki. I'd never known the capital well. My city had been Viipuri, an ancient fortress town and seaport, now in Russia on the other side of the new border. Helsinki was utterly strange—yet, oddly, even at night, recognizable.

The few passengers in the bus were speaking Finnish and the whole thing felt like one of those dreams you recognize as a dream even while you're having it. I wanted to talk to them and I was scared to open my mouth.

Everybody vanished pretty quickly when the bus stopped, and I said in Finnish to the incurious young boy who was closing the airport office, "I want to go to Hotel Kamp. Would you get me a cab?"

He stared at me for a moment as though a deaf-mute had

Continued on page 32

PHOTOS FROM SUOMEN KUVALEHTI



A modern sane land . . . with courageous people.



Fast-growing Helsinki (pop.: 1926, 216,000; 1948, 410,000) is the capital and pride of the Finnish republic. Wide streets show off distinctive "northern look" architecture. Below: Half Finland's surface is water; they've over 100,000 lakes.



We'll Still Have Rachel

Continued from page 21

crib. He reached out a hand to check her, but she was gone without even noticing it. She didn't even look back at the baby, who was working himself into an upright position.

Paul could hear a loud, whispered conference at the foot of the stairs. "Let's bring Donnie down—and let him see, too."

Emmy returned. She took the baby in her arms, wrapping a blanket about him. Paul said, "If the place is on fire you might let me know."

Emmy's voice shrilled with excitement. "Get up and pull on your robe and come on down to the kitchen and see what we got."

PAUL stood in the doorway of the kitchen, which had been heated to incubator temperature. The gas oven was going full blast with the door open. His eyes took in the scrambling mass on the floor. His three children were sitting or kneeling there and, though their faces had a shining brightness, they were not so bright or pert as the faces of three newborn goats.

On one Sissy's pink coat was buttoned. Another had Paul's plaid flannel hunting shirt wrapped about it. Another lay on the electric heat pad while Vincent rubbed its damp silken hide and crooned softly to it. "This one was the last one," he said. "It's so little and weak."

Even as he said it, the last-born leaped to its feet with cocky agility, cavorted stiff-leggedly about the kitchen. It backed up and butted the chair on which Paul had left his best camera. He rescued it as the chair toppled.

"We're going to call them Faith, Hope and Charity," Emmy said.

Sissy announced, "Vince can have Faith and Put can have Bob Hope and I can have—what is the name of mine?"

"Charity," Emmy said. She was stirring some rolled barley in a pan in the oven. "I'm warming Rachel's breakfast. The poor thing had such a hard night."

Paul said, "You didn't, by any chance, think to make any coffee for your husband?" He had a hard night, too.

"Coffee?" Emmy said blankly. The little goat, dragging a sleeve of Paul's hunting shirt, rubbed its head chummily against Emmy's overalled leg. "Aren't they cute, Paul? I just wonder why they put lambs on tombstones."

RAQUEL did not graze the front lawn so that Paul need never get out the lawn mower. Instead, when they staked her out, she disdained the grass and ate the roses down to the roots (for which she was supposed to supply fertilizer) and the tulips and the bridal-wreath bushes as well.

She ate the garbage just once. On a busy afternoon at the radio station Paul received a telephone call from Emmy. "Paul, Rachel isn't feeling very well."

"Really? Well, I trust it's nothing trivial."

"Paul," reprovingly, "she's real sick. She got colic from all the apple peelings and the shriveled-up apples in the garbage. You know I cleaned out that bushel of apples in the basement. I had to get a vet for her. I asked the man at the Supreme Goat Dairy and he told me about this one that was good with goats."

"The perfect bedside manner, you mean."

Emmy didn't appreciate his wit. The veterinarian's fee was three dollars, and the prescription, which

Paul called for, was a dollar sixty cents. This white powder, mixed with warm water, Emmy administered to a bloated Rachel at two-hour intervals. All the neighbor children gathered to watch Emmy straddle Rachel, gripping her neck tight with her knees, tipping her head back and pouring down her protesting throat the liquid out of a ginger-ale bottle.

RAQUEL was her old self in two days but her milk output never came back to her four-quart classification.

So there was no extra milk to sell to neighbors with ulcers because Faith, Hope and Charity devoured every drop that wasn't saved out for Donnie. In fact, many days Vincent or Put was sent hurrying to the neighborhood grocery for extra cow's milk for which the little goats, unlike Donnie, had no allergy.

They had no allergy to anything edible.

For blocks they would follow any boy who was eating an apple or stalk any man or woman who carried a sack. Sissy delightedly regaled Paul with a story of how she was sitting at the table with a ginger snap and how she dropped her hand to her side, and then she looked and the ginger snap was gone. And there was Charity chewing on it.

"Emmy—goats running through the house! How do they get in?"

How didn't they? That one loose corner on the screen, which Paul meant to fix, had become a bulging hole by the time he found the hammer and tacks to repair it. Let anyone leave a door open a crack and the little goats found it.

They had a passion for heights. "Their father must have been a mountain goat," Paul said, watching with both reluctant admiration and ready irritation as one leaped onto the wheelbarrow, poised gracefully for the higher

and more precarious footing on the top rail of the fence. The picket fence built to keep Sissy within bounds did not fence in the triplets.

WHY didn't a representative of the law come from the Zoning Board or the Health and Sanitation department now? Four assorted goats on one city lot! When ten days passed Paul surreptitiously telephoned in a second complaint. When Zoning asked his name, he evaded, "I'm just a property owner in that neighborhood." The little goats were three weeks old before Paul came home one blowy April evening and heard that an investigator had called regarding their livestock.

"Was it a policeman? Did he tell you you had to get rid of them?" he asked Emmy hopefully.

"At first he was kind of hard-boiled," Emmy admitted. "We were just eating lunch and I gave him some coffee and a piece of pie. He said he wouldn't have bothered us if some old sorcerer of a neighbor hadn't reported them twice. But when I told him about Donnie needing the milk and how, as soon as the little goats were weaned, we'd find homes for them—he was just awfully nice, really."

"You do like our goats, don't you?" Sissy queried anxiously of her father.

"No, funny face, I don't like goats and I don't like four-legged kids." He picked her up in his arms. "Two-legged ones I can take if I have to."

He raised his voice to ask, "Emmy, have your goats—big or little—been trespassing on Mrs. Elliott's property?" This morning when I backed the car out of the garage and spoke to her I got a very clabbered good morning from her."

Immediately there was a silent and shared conspiracy between Emmy and the children. It made him feel an outsider. Emmy became very busy retying a bow on the end of Sissy's braid.

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

THE session of Legislature had just closed. As a good-will gesture the legislators were giving a banquet to all the Press and Radio men who had covered it.

It was a gala occasion for the Paul Garys. Last year when the banquet was held Emmy had not been able to go because Donnie—he who developed hives from cow's milk—was just putting in an appearance.

This year Emmy's Aunt Lou had been prevailed upon to stay the evening with the children while Emmy and Paul attended it. Emmy was to go resplendent in a new dress. Paul had made an extra twenty-five dollars, broadcasting a prize fight, and he had pressed the two tens and the five in Emmy's hand and said, "Here, Toots, you take this and get you a dress as voluptuous as you can find on the twenty-five dollar rack."

Paul was just sliding his feet into his black shoes that smelled festively of shoe polish when Emmy, after last-minute instructions to Aunt Lou, came hurrying in. Paul said, "I'm waiting to be startled by your new dress. Let's see it."

Emmy turned from the shoe-bag on the closet door and rubbed one pump diligently with her apron. "You know, Paul, yesterday an insurance man parked his car across the street. I guess it was while he was in collecting or something that Faith and Bob Hope—Charity stayed home—jumped up on his fenders and then they jumped clear up on top his car. And—well, he had just had his car polished and they—I didn't think they scratched it up very much—but he said they ruined his polish job."

"Yeh?" he prodded ominously.

"He said it cost him twelve dollars—it was a big car—but he said he thought if he took it back to the same place they would redo it for ten."

"I know where he could get a whole new job for eight. . . . So you gave him ten. Okay, let's see what you got with the fifteen you had left."

"I guess I told you, didn't I, about the vet saying that it was a fallacy that a goat could live on garbage—especially a milk goat. He said to feed her rolled barley and alfalfa. The rolled barley was two ninety-five, and you can't get less than a bale of alfalfa and it's gone up—it used to be a dollar—but now it's a dollar fifteen."

"Anything else?"

Emmy put down the pump and began working bobby pins out of her hair with troubled fingers. "Last week Vincent staked Rachel out—but somehow the stake pulled up. She ate Mrs. Elliott's two little Japanese crab-apple trees. She felt pretty bad about it."

"Surprising. What did she say?"

"She said they were very rare. . . ."

"And I suppose Japanese crab-apple trees have gone up, too?"

"Yes, they have. They were only five dollars for two when she got them two years ago, but the nursery man said if he came out and put them in and guaranteed them they'd be seven fifty. . . . But I had enough left to buy a shirtwaist—a Gibson girl shirtwaist they call them, and they wear them for evening with long black skirts."

Paul looked at the lace and insertion trimmed waist which Emmy handed out of the closet. He felt its starched sleekness between his fingers. "I'd say they still made two dollars profit on it," he said shortly.

Emmy said miserably, "Maybe you'd rather I wouldn't go—Paul, I know we can't go on keeping Faith and Bob Hope and Charity. But if we could just find someone who would give them a home. The vegetable man offered

Continued on page 26

This Family Reduced Tooth Decay with Amm-i-dent



Think what this tooth powder
can mean to your family!

The Kovels were among hundreds of families who helped test Amm-i-dent Tooth Powder, during early research, under supervision of dentists. They were delighted with the way it helped them reduce tooth decay. Of course, results vary with individuals. Not every family will get the same high rate of reduction as the Kovels. But your family should enjoy a substantial reduction in its rate of new cavities, with regular use of Amm-i-dent.

You have probably heard of Amm-i-dent already, from your dentist or from friends. You may have read about Amm-i-dent in Time, Newsweek or Parents' Magazine. Here, at last, is a tooth powder that may help prevent formation of new cavities!

First Ammoniated Tooth Powder

Two revolutionary ingredients enable Amm-i-dent to reduce tooth decay—Dibasic Ammonium Phosphate and Carbamide (Synthetic Urea). They eliminate from the mouth large numbers of the acid-forming bacteria which can cause cavities. Now, for the first time, you can help protect against decay with your regular tooth brushing.

Mrs. Kovel says, "My mouth really feels clean after Amm-i-dent and I've never seen my smile look brighter. It's the same with the children. How they love the taste!" Your family, too, will love the clean, minty taste and the bright smiles and sweet breath that Amm-i-dent can bring them.

But remember—nothing can lessen your need for regular visits to your dentist. Seek his care and advice often.

Mothers! Insist that your family start using Amm-i-dent immediately. It costs so little to fight decay the Amm-i-dent way.

At all drug counters. No prescription necessary.

KOVEL

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Used Amm-i-dent during
test research.

Mrs. Rose Kovel (mother)
before using Amm-i-dent:
10 cavities in 12 months
since using Amm-i-dent:
4 cavities in 38 months

Laura (daughter)
before using Amm-i-dent:
3 cavities in 19 months
since using Amm-i-dent:
2 cavities in 36 months

Steven, 8½ yrs.,
David, 5½ yrs.,
Still have first teeth.
Using Amm-i-dent.
No cavities so far.

Notary Public's Statement:

"I have seen the actual dentist's records of the Kovel family and their dentist's sworn statement that the above is an exact and accurate description."

Evelyn A. Roman
Notary Public, State of New York

Amm-i-dent

FIRST AMMONIATED TOOTH POWDER

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That *real* vacation you've always wanted . . . will it be put off again this year because finances won't permit? Or have you *planned* your saving, with a certain sum earmarked: "For vacation only"?

A Royal Bank savings account can put you on the road to the things you want most—a home of your own, education for your children, freedom from money worries. Putting aside so much every month can mean all the difference between marking time and getting ahead . . .

"Someday" comes closer with every dollar you save.

**THE
ROYAL
BANK
OF CANADA**

Continued from page 24

to buy them—he'd give us five dollars apiece for them. He wants to roast them. For Easter. He wants to invite all his relatives in."

He felt the shudder go through her. He said, "Get into your two ninety-eight Gibson girl and let's go."

ON THE Thursday before Easter Emmy again donned her Gibson girl shirtwaist, and Paul again polished his black shoes. Their neighbor, Mrs. Owen P. Elliott, was giving a small and select tea for a visiting Polish pianist who was to play at the Easter symphony.

The Paul Gays were among those invited. It might be, Paul reasoned, because he had interviewed the pianist on the air. But at any rate the invitation eased his worrying tension. Surely a neighbor wouldn't ask them to break bread (spread with caviar) with her if she were nursing a grudge over her chewed-to-the-ground Japanese crab-apple trees.

As Paul and Emmy walked the short distance between their grey-painted house and the well-groomed Elliott one, Emmy had to turn back. One of the little goats had vaulted over the picket fence and was acting as escort. "Every place that Emmy went the goat was sure to go," Paul recited as Emmy caught it.

She carried it back and put it in the barn.

Mrs. Owen P. Elliott's tea was just what Paul had feared a tea would be. Little self-conscious groups and surface conversation. An urging of the pianist to play. The Paderewski concerto tinkling and thundering through the high-ceilinged rooms and out through the open French windows into the late afternoon of the May day.

Paul envied Emmy her God-given ease. The hushed cathedral tone of it all kept him tongue-tied. He was overly conscious of Mrs. Elliott; she was such an imposing virago of a woman in her grey lace and silver pearls.

The musician was still sitting on the piano stool. He had been served there, and he was holding a wisp of curled celery in his long fingers while he discussed Bach with his hostess.

Paul stood at the dining table. He was just reaching for a sandwich, a little less decorative than the others, when he felt the light chatter suddenly cease. A startled unnatural silence fell.

He turned and looked in the direction of the pianist. The pianist was staring unbelievably at his empty fingers in which a piece of celery had dangled. The celery was now being chewed noisily and happily by Faith—or was it Hope?

In the silence Paul heard the staccato clink of hoofs crossing the tile of the sunroom with its open French windows.

He felt the swish of Emmy as she went by him. She tried, with her wide black skirt, to shoe them out of the door which someone hurried to open hopefully. But the three wouldn't shoe. They skittered in all directions. One leaped onto the piano stool which had been nervously vacated. There was the crash of keys as the keyboard served as a springboard for the higher leap onto the back of the grand piano.

Whatever there was to jump upon a little goat jumped on it. The window seat, the low bookshelves, the coffee tables, the ottomans. The house seemed suddenly alive with prancing, dodging, vaulting white goats. They were as elusive as moths.

Emmy finally cornered one on the divan and grabbed it up and thrust it into Paul's arms. The musician caught one by a hind leg. He seemed happily proud of himself—"Always grab by the hind leg," he beamed. "You have the

firm hold—so?" he asked Emmy, as Emmy fastened desperate fingers into the silken hude of its neck. The third was pushed out the door by some guest who closed it swiftly.

Paul didn't dare speak or even glance at Mrs. Elliott.

They left the party—Paul carrying the suddenly docile Hope under his arm and a disheveled Emmy dragging the recalcitrant Faith along with her. Charity followed.

AT HOME they thrust them into the barn-garage. They probably wouldn't have this building much longer, Paul thought grimly, as he blockaded the door with a sawhorse. Just as soon as Mrs. Elliott could take time off from her teas she would consult her lawyer about extending the lot line her legal four feet.

Wordlessly Paul and Emmy entered the house. Emmy's bargain blouse had been rent by a flailing hoof. She was breathing hard but her face was white and stricken. She explained to the children.

Vincent and Pat were voluble in contrite explanation. They had just let the little goats out of the barn to show them to a boy who walked clear over from the boulevard to see them—and then they came in the house to get a tail for their kites.

Emmy said flatly, "We've got to get rid of them. We can't keep them after this."

They only gazed at her in silent despair. Paul wished they *would* make a fuss, so he could enlarge on the repeated iniquities of Rachel's three. But even when Emmy said, "We'll have to tell the vegetable man he can take them," there was neither outcry nor argument. Just a stunned acceptance.

Emmy found a pencil and sheet of paper and, holding young Donnie on her lap, wrote the note to the vegetable man. She gave it to Vincent to deliver. He went off on his bicycle like a bowed old man. He returned, like a still older one, and reported hollowly, "He said he'd stop on his route tomorrow—and get them. He said—he'd—he said they ought to hang a day or two before—before—"

Paul walked over to the radio and turned it on full blast.

AWOEBEGONE household ate supper.

But, lying in bed, Emmy spoke through the darkness. "It won't be so—so bad if all of us are away tomorrow when the vegetable man comes for them. I'll take the boys and Susy with me when I take Donnie to the doctor's. They can watch the goldfish in the pool there in Courthouse Square while the doctor gives him his checkup."

Paul tried to make his tone casual and conversational. "His skin breaking out is all cleared up now, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's all cleared up. When I gave him his bath this morning, I noticed it. . . . You don't want us to keep Rachel either, do you?"

"There's no use keeping her, is there, if the doctor says Donnie doesn't need goat milk?"

She didn't answer that. But after a minute she said thinly, "If only you and Rachel weren't so unsympathetic toward each other. I think if you both tried harder—"

THE next afternoon, which was Paul's afternoon off from the radio station, he was left alone at the Gary residence. Alone, except for Rachel staked out securely in the back yard, and the triplets, thumping about and bleating dolefully in their garage prison.

Continued on page 28



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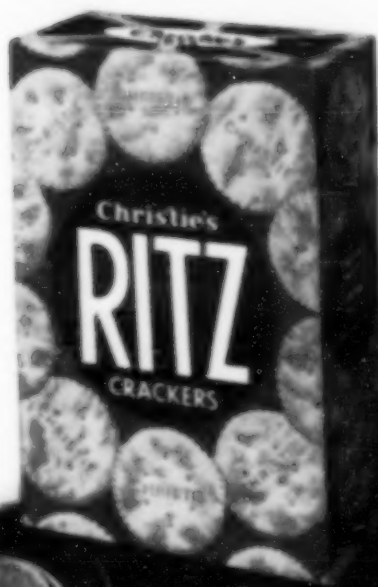
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'Among those present' Christie's RITZ!



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CHRISTIE, BROWN AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Continued from page 25

Emmy and the four subdued children—for even Donnie had looked sober in his faded sweater and cap—had departed in the car. Paul watched them drive away. How gentle and protective the boys had been in keeping the ugliest facts from Sisay. They had ridden off with their arms protectively around her.

He might as well do something while he was waiting. What could he do for the children that would ease this inchoate stirring of guilt in him? Two more days until Easter. He would boil some eggs and, as soon as the family returned, they could dye them. Dipping eggs in purple and red and blue dye would surely take their minds off the emptiness of the barn-garage.

He put the eggs on to boil, he hunted up cups and bowls for the dye.

The doorbell rang. He opened it on Mrs. Elliott. She said accusingly as she came in, "Those goats, shut up out there in the barn, have nearly driven me crazy. They haven't let up once this whole day."

"I know," he said coldly. "But their bleating is almost over. We're getting rid of them." He thought viciously. There now, you old harpy, I hope you're satisfied. If we weren't worried to death about keeping your good will—

"Rid of them!" said Mrs. Elliott. "Yes—I—" He broke off as the familiar horn of the vegetable man sounded. He looked out of the window to see the battered blue truck with its tarpaulin curtains.

The vegetable man got out, stood listening with happy anticipation to the bleats that came from young and tender milk-fed goats.

And seeing him standing there, smiling and smacking his lips, Paul turned desperately to his visitor. "Look, Mrs. Elliott—I just can't stay here to see those—them go into that man's—roasting pan. It's too much—"

"Roasting pan! What does he intend to do with them—"

"I've got eggs on boiling for our kids to dye when they come home. I've got to go to the store—I mean, would you mind telling him just to go out to the barn and get the little goats himself? And tell him to make it

snappy because Emmy and all of them will be home any time now—"

"Why—I've never heard of such—" Unheeding her protests, he dashed from the house. It took him a long time to get the dye—a long time to walk the four blocks home.

The truck was gone. Faith, Bob Hope and Charity were not gone.

His four children were crowded onto the back step feeding them what remained of a box of crackerjack.

"Well!" Paul said feebly. "Well!"

A volley of explanation came from the children. Mrs. Elliott was sure nice. The vegetable man was sure mad, too. But Mrs. Elliott had a cousin—no, it was a nephew, one of them corrected—and he had a place out in the country—and it had an orchard, this place—and they could send the little goats out there. And all of them could go out on Sundays and visit them.

"Well!" Paul said again. "Well—imagine."

Emmy came to the back door and the boys moved over to make room for her to descend the step.

"What's this—what's this?" Paul said.

"She won't eat any," Put said.

"Not even hot dogs," Sisay said.

"Hold on," Paul turned to Emmy. "What do they mean—"

"It seems," explained Emmy, "that we live next door to the second vice-president of the—"

"Or chicken—or—or—"

"Liver, even," Sisay finished up for Put.

"—you just asked this town's most orthodox vegetarian to hand over Faith, Hope and Charity to the roasting pan."

"Did I now?" said Paul.

"And oh, Paul, the doctor says Donnie may possibly need goat's milk again. We can't be sure. So—"

"We'll still have Rachel, huh?" But suddenly it didn't matter. It didn't matter a bit. As long as a man had a wife like Emmy at this moment standing close to him, and children who were half Emmy, at this moment feeding little goats crackerjack instead of eating it themselves, there would always be Rachels—and surprises. K

The Reluctant Bush Pilot

Continued from page 11

sportsman will go a long way looking for recreation, but he'll come oftener if he has a comfortable place to stay.

Pop sort of sighed as I finished. "Julie," he said, "you sure got it bad."

BY SIX OCLOCK that evening I was making up the list of groceries to take up to camp. I know what men want. Steak and beans and coffee and hot biscuits. Hearty food. I was just figuring out how much I'd need when I heard a plane coming in. For a second I thought Melville had finally remembered about his date with me and had returned just in time. But it wasn't Melville. It was Cork Jones flying a borrowed sport plane, and when I saw him I just thought to myself that it served Melville right for standing me up.

I don't recall what the movie was in Lone Pine, but I remembered I enjoyed it. Even though I spent half the time untangling myself whenever Cork put his arm across the seat. Cork was sure persistent. On the way home I told him so.

"Listen, Cork," I said. "I like you and I think your new mustache is very distinguished. But remember that you're not out on company time to

night. Just take it easy, Cork, and you can continue to count me among your friends."

Cork was repentant. "Let's talk it over Saturday. That's my day off. I can borrow the plane again."

"I'll be working," I said. "Cooking for a couple fishermen up at Melville's camp."

"Fine. I'll fly up there."

"If you do I won't see you. Now listen, Cork, I'm going to be busy..."

But as I said, Cork is the persistent type.

BY NOON the next day Melville still hadn't come down from camp. I was standing on the apron when Cork put down the southbound Valley Airways plane. Cork hopped out and waved a newspaper at me.

"Read all about it," he said, and pointed a finger at a paragraph in the society section. "Old Flying Pack Horse has been making a name for himself in the hot spots."

I don't like gossip columns and I don't credit everything I read in the papers. But there it was in black and white and what is a girl going to believe?

At the True Wednesday night, Don Allison had Mel Ryan in tow—the fishing season has started again—

Continued on page 30

MAILBAG

Pap for Canadians? No, No, Says Reader

LETTERS in the current issue of Maclean's give me the urge to express my hearty approval and interest in the articles which several readers strongly oppose—namely those which depict the more sordid and undesirable conditions existing in our country. Truth hurts sometimes, but it profits, too, so let us have it, good bad or otherwise. A bland diet will not make us healthy active Canadians.

Edith A. Alcock, Vancouver.

What Holds It Up?

I would like very much to know where the mill pond pictured on your May 1 cover is, for it seems to me a phenomenon of hydraulic engineering. How can a barricade of thin boards, without visible reinforcement, hold back such a volume of water? How



could a log weighing several tons get perched on the edge of the dam in this way, without crushing the thin planks? What is the explanation of the broken-off board on the near side of the log when all the other boards are sawn across the top and nearly all are uniform in height?

I shall wait until I hear from you before starting an organization to be called the Society for the Protection of the Out-of-Doors from Artists.

John C. W. Irwin, Toronto.

He's for Lower

Orchids to Maclean's and Professor Arthur Lower for his article "The Myth of Mass Immigration" in your issue of May 15. The professor has written what I have wanted to say for about a quarter of a century, but which I was too dumb to put into words.

—Jack Sutherland, Hanna, Alta.

Do We Want to Buy?

I fail to see why you have chosen "Do the British Really Want to Sell to Us?" as the title for your editorial of May 1. The British are doing their damndest to sell more and more and are obtaining results despite the difficulties which beset them in their efforts. Some of these difficulties are due directly to

the Canadian Government, such as making deals in which Britain is required to buy from us a lot of things she cannot pay for and therefore would rather do without, demanding payment in U. S. dollars and restricting the spending of Canadians. The final Government discouragement comes with the statement by Hon. C. D. Howe at the British Industries Fair, in which he said that "It is unrealistic that the deficit in Britain's trade with Canada . . . can be made up by expanding the sale of the United Kingdom's manufactured goods in this country." —V. E. Thompson, Toronto.

Not Sleek, Not Pasty-Faced

On discharge from the Army I came up to Whitehorse. I landed a job as a dealer on an ace-away table, which work I still do. Last week I'm reading your story telling all about the game and how much a dealer makes in one night. "Jing-a-low for All That Dough," March 15.

I made on an average of \$8 to \$10 a night and that is a fact. Your story says I make from \$50 to \$500 a night. You also mention that all dealers are over six feet tall and are a pasty-faced rather sleek bunch. I am 5 ft. 6 in. and am quite an outdoor man and am far from being sleek and am not pasty-faced. If you will put this in your magazine I'd be awful glad.

Danny Hadden, Whitehorse, Y.T.

Ode in Error

We fully appreciate the "Ode to The Chamber of Commerce, Medicine Hat" (May 1) but . . . you state that Medicine Hat supplied the West with cut flowers grown in a hothouse heated by natural gas piped in from Taber, Alta.

This is not only a gross misstatement but most horrible in this particular case because Medicine Hat is known as THE Gas City of the West. The city is situated in the middle of a great natural gas field and owns its own gas wells, 35 in number, besides 12 privately owned by industrial companies.

A. J. Raymond, secretary, Medicine Hat Chamber of Commerce.

To which our staff poet responds:

An apology first to Medicine Hat:
Its gas is its own, not its neighbor's.
Taber's. —The Editors.

Moral Tone

At a recent meeting of the executive of Hamilton Conference Women's Association (United Church of Canada) much favorable mention was heard regarding these articles in Maclean's in recent months—"If Christ Came Today," Dec. 15; "I Quit" March 1; and "Are We a Godless People?" March 15.

The opinion of our meeting was that articles such as these strengthen the moral tone of "Canada's National Magazine." —Bernice W. Herr, corresponding secretary.



"CANADA DRY"

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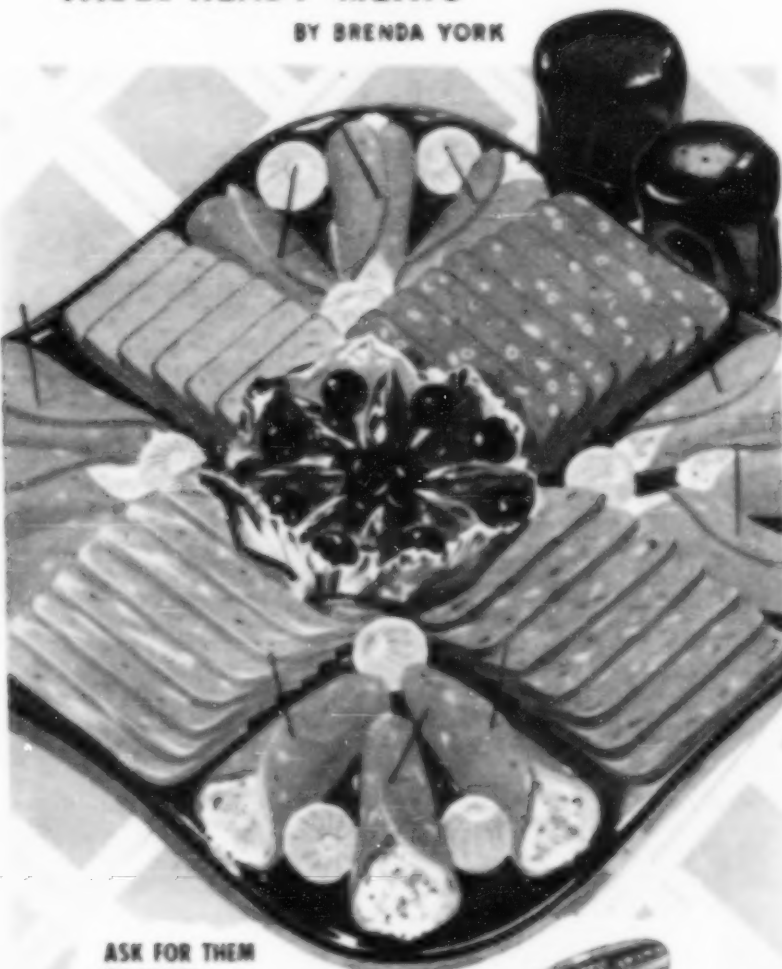
Anytime you want a lift, cool "Canada Dry" is the choice—it's dry, that's why! Dry means not-too-sweet and that means Canada Dry will really refresh you and you'll stay refreshed! Grand for any age, any time, anywhere.



"Party Platter"

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Ask for Maple Leaf meats
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Nuclear Loaf



CANADA PACKERS LIMITED

Continued from page 28
I didn't believe it and I said so. Wednesday was the day Melville was in the city on business.

"Some business?" Cork said. "Then I suppose he saw how I felt. 'I'm sorry, Julie,' he said, and I knew he meant it. 'I didn't quite understand . . .'"

"It really doesn't matter," I said.

OH, NO. It doesn't matter a bit. Just fluff it off. It's only Melville Ryan you're reading about, the man you're so crazy about it makes you ache to think of him. Just Melville, in tow of whatever that implies. Desi Allison. And who's she? A quiet, home-loving little thing you read reams about every time she gets married. Three times so far. Be sensible now, does that sound like competition?

You bet it did.

That night, lying in my bed, I went over everything sensibly. A girl can make a braying jackass out of herself by poking around where she's not wanted. The best thing the only thing I decided before I fell asleep was to just act aloof with Melville.

NEXT morning at breakfast Pop suggested I go a step farther.

"Give him the old heave-ho," Pop said heartily. "He can get along without you. I'll lend Melville a hand with the baggage when she arrives this afternoon."

"She?" I said. "Who's she?"

Pop looked genuinely startled, but I don't always trust Pop. "Didn't you know? It's funny Melville didn't tell you. Well, it seems that the sportsman Melville is taking up to the camp is Mr. Norton, the president of Valley Airways. And Mr. Norton is bringing with him none other than his daughter, Desi Allison."

How do you like that?

"Well!" I said. "If I'd known for a second when Melville asked me to go up there to cook that it was that woman . . . Well!"

"I'll tell Melville you're not going," Pop said.

"You'll do no such thing. I wouldn't miss this for anything." If Melville was going to make a fool of himself over that woman I'd like to know who has a better right than I to watch him do it.

AT TWO-THIRTY as I was driving into the airport I saw Melville standing in front of the hangar watching the charter plane come in from the south. The plane set down, ran clear to the far end of the field, blew its tail around and rolled back to the ramp.

You may be sure I hadn't the slightest interest in watching the door swing open, the pilot jump down and hand his passengers out. No if I stopped to stare, it was only because that woman had on the most darling suit of ski togs I've ever seen. But what really got me as Melville loped out to grab at her suitcase was that Desi Allison didn't just look stunning, the way she does in the supplements. She looked better than that. And from her boots to the stem of her best I hated her.

I had my own baggage to think of. I remembered crossly, and I picked it up and started over to Melville's plane. Melville left Desi in the shade of the hangar, and carrying her suitcase he came over.

"How come I didn't see you around this morning?" he said.

Let no one ever say I threw myself at Melville's head. I looked up, all preoccupied, as if Melville was only making polite conversation. I set down my bag for him to load. I admired the way everything was stowed, strapped down so nothing could shift. Only a

twenty minute hop but that's Melville for you. Melville thinks of everything. Everything but me.

"You've got a wallop of stuff aboard," I said.

"Har!" Melville said from inside the plane. "You think I'm overloaded? Listen, give me enough putti-putti and I'll fly a cement mixer up there under its own power."

He would too.

I SHARED the rear seat with Desi's father and the fishing rods. Mr. Norton was a stout man and the rod cases stuck into my ribs. Mr. Norton had a scowl on his face and a cigar in his mouth that he rolled around as if he was going to swallow it.

We streamed along just over the treetops, angling by the face of a granite wall and laboring for altitude all the time. It's a little creepy to feel how logy the tail of a ship is when you've got a real load aboard. But for Melville it might just as well have been a sight-seeing tour.

At nine thousand we slid over the pass and dropped down into the meadow where Melville has his camp. It made me jump to see the water backed up as deep as the grass in the meadow, in places drifting over the landing strip. I don't say Melville didn't have his mind on the job, but we sure landed hot as a pack of firecrackers. The wheels went car-rump, car-rump, one tire dropped into a soft spot and the next second we were off the runway and it looked as if a waterfall had hit the windshield. A plane doesn't go far through that kind of stuff. We stopped and I could feel the wheels settling into the ooze. Only the baggage in the tail kept us from standing on our nose.

AS THOUGH that was the way he always set down, Melville opened the door, jumped into the ankle-deep water, and reached up, sort of shining all over with gallantry.

"I'll have to carry you over to where it's dry," he said to Desi.

I began to tingle, waiting for my turn to be carried.

But Melville turned, with Desi in his arms, and nodded at me. "Julie, be a pet and bring along the groceries as you come."

It was quietly understood. But I must say Mr. Norton was a prince. He grabbed up a couple of cartons and struggled along after me as though we were a couple of porters on an African safari.

At the main cabin I went into the kitchen to put away the groceries. Through the door I could hear Desi. She was making startled little cries of delight at the stuffed squirrels over the mantel while Melville was building a fire.

"It's just delicious up here," she was saying. "And what's more, the altitude has given me the most terrific appetite."

I had been going over the cartons of food that we'd brought in from the plane. Somewhere, I thought distractedly, a carton was missing.

"Did you hear, Julie?" Melville called out. "Put on a batch of thick steaks."

"Not steak," Desi interrupted. "I'd like a lamb chop, well done, petit pois, potatoes julienne, just a speck . . ."

I checked the food once more before I went to the door. The steaks were in the missing carton.

"We have beans," I said.

Desi's father liked them. He ate two helpings and told me he hadn't tasted any as good since he was a boy in a lumber camp.

"They need to bury the pot in the ashes," he said. "When it came out,

steaming and running a little pork fat over the lip . . ."

Desi looked ill. There was talk that went on long after dark about why couldn't Melville dig out the plane tonight and fly her back to Lone Pine for a real dinner. Then over to the dance at Independence . . .

I went to bed and had the first good sleep in two nights.

NEXT morning as I was wondering what to make for breakfast Mr. Norton clumped up to the kitchen in his hip boots.

"Hey, Julie, look!" He opened his croel and showed me a trout as big as his forearm. "They've got whoppers up here."

He pulled up a stool and I drew him a cup of coffee. There was no longer a frown on Mr. Norton's face.

"You don't suppose . . ." he began apologetically.

I know that tone in a fisherman's voice. I handed him a small knife. "You clean your fish," I said. "I'll cook it for breakfast."

Desi didn't look quite ravishing when she came down for breakfast. The altitude gets some people at first. I'm lucky that way. In the mountains my blood circulates like mad. All I do is dunk my face in some icy snow water to get a glow. But when Desi sat down and saw the fish rolled in corn meal, beautifully browned in bacon drippings, she turned a pale green and shoved back her chair.

"Desi got ptomaine a few months ago," Mr. Norton explained between helpings. "Can't stand the sight of fish since . . ."

After breakfast, Melville slipped into the kitchen.

"Listen, darling," he said earnestly. "Can't you whip up something different for dinner today? I like beans, but . . ."

"Don't you call me darling," I said. "And don't blame me for the food. I wasn't the one who left the carton in the hangar down there. I wasn't the one who tried to land the plane and be dashing with the female passengers at the same time. Now you scream out of my kitchen . . ."

Melville left to dig out his plane. Shortly Mr. Norton clumped happily off for the stream. And in a few minutes I saw Desi going by on her way to join Melville. It was going to be one of those wonderfully clear mountain days when the sun reflected off the snowbanks will burn you to a crisp if you're not careful.

I called out to Desi.

"I wouldn't wear that beret today . . ."

I admit I didn't look too enchanting with an apron tied round my middle, but Desi looked me up and down as if I had on a secondhand flour sack.

"If I ever need any advice on what to wear," Desi said sweetly, "you'll be the first I'll come to."

BY THAT evening Melville had his plane dug out and almost back on the landing strip. Mr. Norton had caught some of the finest rainbows I've ever seen taken out of the stream. Desi had a wonderful flush on her face that I could predict with certainty was going to burn like fury in about two hours. And for supper we had beans. By now it was eat beans or starve. Desi ate beans.

After supper we had one of those jolly little conversations that just seems to spring out of nowhere when you're gathered cosily in front of a good wood fire. Mr. Norton told me three versions, each one more boring, about how he had come to catch that big rainbow. Desi lay on the bearskin rug with the firelight dancing behind

her and chattered incessantly to Melville about people I didn't know. Melville smoked his pipe and nodded, looking at her like a rabbit hypnotized by a serpent. I just sat.

After a while the logs fell in a shower of sparks. Mr. Norton stretched and yawned, and I said I was going to bed.

It was then, I guess, that I realized for the first time that it was really all over with me and Melville. Just like that big rainbow of Mr. Norton's, I thought. Only a few days ago it was swimming around free, paying no attention to anybody. Suddenly it sees a new and fascinating kind of bait. Hang! It's hooked and landed. And so was Melville.

It was time for me to exit gracefully. I'd do it tomorrow, I decided as I rolled over and pulled up the blankets. Tomorrow was Saturday and good old Cork, that I could always depend on, would be coming up to visit me.

IT CERTAINLY startled me the way Desi slammed in to breakfast the next morning. Of course, when you're pampering a day-old sunburn you're not going to crack your puss into a smile more often than you have to.

"Coffee," she demanded crossly and then wanted to know when Melville was going to have his plane ready to leave.

"Any old time now," Melville said breezily. "If I had a plank to put under the tail wheel I could blast her right back up on the runway."

Mr. Norton said not to hurry on his account. He'd just as soon stay over another day for the fishing. Desi swelled up angrily and Mr. Norton subsided. I went to my room to change my clothes and get ready to meet Cork.

I have a one-piece flying suit, white gabardine with flap pockets, that fits snug in all the right places. I'll not say it's as glamorous as Desi's ski suit, but you can take my word for it, for me it does something. I was just zipping it up when I heard voices outside on the porch.

I don't listen at open windows, but this I couldn't help overhearing.

"If you don't get me out of this forsaken hole," Desi was saying, and I hadn't heard as much intensity in her voice before. "I'll lose my mind. If I haven't already got ulcers . . ."

"Getting right at it," Melville said cheerfully. "Put the ship back on the runway this afternoon, and tomorrow morning, bright and early . . ."

"Tomorrow?" Desi's voice raised in hysterical disbelief. "I've got a date tonight. Now listen to me, you flying jug head. I'm beginning to believe the only reason you asked me up here was because you knew my father would come along. It's darned funny how this whole trip seems to shape up so Father can get another day's fishing . . ."

But Melville is the soul of patience. "Desi, you couldn't believe a thing like that."

"You get that shovel back in your hand and get that plane dug out. Now!"

The screen door slammed as Desi came back inside. Melville walked by the window and sat down in the shade of the fir tree outside. I felt sorry for him. But then the course of true love, as well I know, is never smooth. I was wondering whether I should slip out and tell him so.

But just then a plane dropped into the lower end of the meadow and braked to a stop on the runway. It was Cork. I gave a pat to my hair and stepped out on the porch where I could lean gracefully against the railing.

Cork approached to within five yards before he really got focused on me. Then his steps slowed, he stopped, his



BRENDA YORK'S COLUMN

Your Recipe May Win \$100

A PRIZE FOR EVERY FAMILY

HELLO NEIGHBOURS: It was an early holiday for "Himself" and your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter this year. A motor trip in May to lovely Virginia—stately Colonial homes; beautiful mountain views; Skyline Caverns; historic Williamsburg; ocean bathing—all will linger long in memory. I wish you could have shared it with us—just as I would now like to join July holidayers—hammock-lazing "in the shade of the old apple tree" or relaxing in a deck chair on the beach—ah! that's the life!

To me, new recipes are as thrilling as a new hat. So just picture my pleasure when it's contest time, and there's an array of your good things to eat spread out to be sampled and judged. Such excitement when a winner is chosen and I am able to tell one of the "neighbours" that her recipe has won the \$100.00 prize! This month, for the April Tendersweet Ham contest, I send along

BEST WISHES AND HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS TO:

Mrs. Eileen Jackson, 12 Appledore Place, St. John's, Newfoundland,

for a recipe that I believe every woman who cooks will want to add to her mealtime repertoire. Here's how Mrs. Jackson makes:

TENDERSWEET HAM WITH RAREBIT SAUCE

6 half slices cooked "Maple Leaf" Tendersweet Ham, 1/2 inch thick (or leftover piece)	1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
2 tablespoons Margarine	1/2 cup grated "Maple Leaf" Cheese
2 tablespoons flour	1 pound fresh asparagus (or one package "York" Frosted Asparagus)
1 cup milk	6 slices toasted bread
Salt and pepper to taste	

Brown the ham lightly on both sides. Melt the Margarine in the top of a double boiler. Blend in the flour. Add the milk very gradually, stirring until the sauce is smooth and thick. Add salt and pepper to taste, then the grated cheese, stirring until it is melted. Cook the asparagus in boiling, salted water until tender; and drain.

First place the ham on slices of toast, then asparagus stalks, and top with cheese sauce. For an outdoor pick-up supper, substitute toasted buns for toasted bread. Six servings.

THIS MONTH, THERE'S TO BE ANOTHER \$100.00 PRIZE for the best recipe or way of serving those oh-so-good

"MAPLE LEAF" WIENERS

Ever tasted "Maple Leaf" Wieners split, stuffed with "Maple Leaf" Canadian Cheese, and slipped under the broiler until the cheese is golden-brown—or split and lightly sprinkled with dry mustard, filled with green pickle relish and given the same treatment? They're mouth-watering! Quite likely you have several such tricks up your sleeve, and I'd like to hear about them. Won't you write and tell me your favourite "Maple Leaf" Wiener dish? Remember, there's a \$100.00 cheque for the one the judges select as "best". Maybe your idea will win!

CONSOLATION PRIZES, TOO! In exchange for your letter, Canada Packers will send you a voucher which may be exchanged FREE at your grocer's or butcher's for one pound of "Maple Leaf" Wieners (cello-wrapped). (Limited to ONE voucher per family).

WE STIPULATE that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many recipes as you wish to compete for the First Prize, but we promise only ONE voucher per family. No labels required. Should the recipe chosen for First Prize be duplicated by another entry, the \$100.00 will be awarded to the first one received.

CLOSING DATE: To qualify for the First Prize, as well as the Free Voucher, your letter must be postmarked on or before midnight, July 31st, 1949. Winner of the First Prize will be announced in my October magazine column. It could be YOU!

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK,
"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited,
2206 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

Have you tried this . . .

"TIPSY PARSON" is the amusing name given for a summertime dessert. Dip cubes of leftover cake in sherry, or fruit juice, place in sherbet glasses and top with lightly-mashed fresh strawberries and ice cream or whipped cream.

QUICK TRICK: Want more fun in the sun at the cottage? Here's what I do—just phone the grocer and order an assorted case of York Brand Canned Meats (Kik, Spiced Beef, Stew, Sausages). Quick and delicious too!

SMASH HIT for Summer supper is pan-broiled, drained green peppers stuffed with a mixture of ground beef, cornflakes, minced onion, kernel corn and beaten egg. Pour 1 can condensed tomato soup into a casserole, and in this place the peppers. Bake at 375°F. for 30 minutes. Serve topped with sauce in casserole.

FLUFFY STUFF is lime jelly (not quite set) beaten together with a frosty lick of vanilla ice cream and then chilled, thoroughly. Served with fresh-baked cookies? Definitely!

"Having a wonderful time—wish you were here." If July brings me a card with this message, I'll arrive by the first conveyance! July is a wonderful holiday month—but wherever you are enjoying it, won't you remember that I'm looking forward to receiving your recipes for "Maple Leaf" Wieners? Come out of the water, and post your letter before midnight, July 31st. Have fun!

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter *Brenda York*



Training Results in Job and Other Writing Successes

How Do you KNOW you can't WRITE?

HAVE you ever tried? Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I am a writer?"

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably never will write. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be interns. We all know that, in our time, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Work by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is individually corrected and constructively criticized. Thoroughly experienced, practical, active writers are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy someone else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it, and which at the same time, develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who should be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors, and, therefore, give little thought to the \$25, \$50 and \$100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on homemaking, fashions, local and club activities, business, health, decorating, etc.—things that can easily be tucked out in leisure hours, and often in the impulse of the moment.

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Adam's apple bobbed once and he gave me the long once-over.

"Woof!" he said at last. Weakly but with more than grudging admiration.

Melville stood up and glared. "What do you want?" he said truculently.

"I invited Cork up," I said with emphasis. "Come on in, Cork. I've got the coffee pot on the stove."

Cork followed me into the living room. I suppose I should have swept through like a queen, but the impulse to show Cork off was too much for me.

I moved a hand toward Desi. "Miss Allison, Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones, Mr. Norton." And then I put my foot in it. Proper. "Mr. Jones," I said proudly, "is Valley Airways most competent pilot."

Desi jumped up and as she walked toward Cork she was practically drooling. "How fascinating to be able to fly, Mr. Jones," she said, and added coyly, "or is it Captain Jones?"

My father—she paused to make certain Cork would get it, "my Father is president of Valley Airways. I hope you call us the next time you're in the city."

Some men just fall all over themselves to impress a girl. Cork sort of swayed between us for a moment, but I could see a leer on his face that hadn't been there a minute before. "I've got the southbound run tomorrow. Suppose I phone you toward evening . . ."

Desi wasn't going to give him time to recover. "I'd sort of hoped," she said, and let her voice fall, "well, you see we're practically marooned here. It's terribly important that Father get home today. Isn't it, Father?"

Mr. Norton mumbled something about as long as the fishing lasted he was plenty satisfied where he was. But I could see that Desi already had Cork hanging on the ropes.

"Go ahead, Cork," I said. "I don't feel like flying today anyway."

Desi rushed to gather up her things.

Home From My Homeland

Continued from page 21

spoken. He waved a hand carelessly.

"It's just there. Close enough to walk."

"Well, phone them and ask them to send for my stuff," I said.

He turned back from the phone. "They haven't a reservation for you. So they aren't sending anyone."

What a home-coming I thought. This couldn't happen in Edmonton. The night breeze stirred and was cold.

"Where did you say Kamp was?" I asked. "They must be wrong."

"Down there, just before that blue light," the boy said. I stared at my luggage at the curb and I remembered the times I'd preached of Finnish honesty in Canada, and I thought, well, now's the time to prove it.

I walked away from my possessions, carrying only the Dutch flowers, down the echoing night-held street, by couples entering home, whispering Finnish words of love. This must be the Esplanade, I thought, choosing the park side of the street. In Holland, five hours ago, there had been flowering fields, blossoming trees, here the bare branches were black against the moonlit sky. And it was cold.

Well, things straightened out. I had a reservation. A boy found my bags, including a typewriter, precisely where I'd left them on the curb. I telephoned an aunt in another city and she said, with the lovely Finnish stoniness, completely ignoring the 18 years between and my surprise arrival, "Do drop in when you get the chance."

I went to sleep smiling, the Finnish

THAT guy sure has his share of gall," Melville said as they ran down the strip, wheeled and took off. "Comes up here and lands in my meadow as though he owns the place. Uses my strip as though it's a public airport. And tops it off by wooing my girl."

"It was me he wooed," I said belligerently.

"That's exactly what I mean. Never saw a jerk with such nerve."

"Now listen, Melville," I said. "Don't you try buttering me up by pretending you ever cared. I'm not blind."

Melville's face became hurt. "Why, Julie! You didn't think for a second I could be serious about anyone but you?" He moved a step closer.

Pop has warned me any number of times about Melville's line. "You're not fooling me one bit," I said uneasily. "Melville, you stay away from me!"

But Melville wouldn't.

"You're so beautiful it hurts," he said and he made it sound as sincere that the tears just sprang into my eyes. If there's anything I detest, it's a man who'll take advantage of a girl's tears to put his arm comfortingly around her shoulders.

Melville drew me close and tilted up my chin.

"If you knew how often I've dreamed of holding you," he began softly, and it didn't sound at all the way Melville usually speaks to me.

"You leave me alone," I said. "I hate you, Melville."

"Sure," he said soothingly. "I'm a beast. I'm not good enough for you."

I might have agreed with him, but by that time I couldn't speak at all, because in spite of everything I could do, he was kissing me. An astonished look was coming into Melville's eyes. I closed mine dreamily, because at last I knew that whatever part of Melville didn't belong to the wide blue yonder belonged forever to me. ★



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SUNBEAM CORPORATION (CANADA) LIMITED

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A good friend once said that whenever I spoke of Finland flags plumed bright against a blue sky and the trumpets blew. I recognized now I'd handicapped my birthland. Here I was back, at a difficult time, to check up on a child's lost land of green summers, on a song and an ideal.

I was back as a Canadian, familiar of northern Ontario wilds, of the old white villages of the St. Lawrence shore, of Cape Breton hills and Laurentian trout pools and Newfoundland outposts. I was back, a Finnish Canadian—unable to go back to my own city, or to the Isthmus or the Viipuri Islands I had known through childhood summers, for these, now, were in Russian-held territory.

I considered all this that first morning in Finland, beating my own chest as I'm doing right now, figuring out the cosmic significance of a spot such as this. The only reason I can think of for writing this, besides for figuring it out for myself, is that there are tens of thousands of my fellow Canadians more or less in the very same spot. Dually beholden. And, personally, I don't think the old-type immigrant who came out to "America" merely to make enough money to live comfortably somewhere else is worth his salt. I think it's logical to acknowledge a debt to the new land that gives you your home, your living, and security, at least in loyalty, if not always in love. The pull of the first love is an undeniable fact.

Lunch Tab for Two: \$30

So that's what I thought about, standing barefooted by the window in Canada I'd always said Finns were so clean you could eat off their floors: looking at the Esplanade park and a small child in yellow, feeding the pigeons. And that's when there was a knock on the door and a little man in a long, worn leather coat walked in before I could even open my mouth to say "enter."

He greeted me by name and announced I probably needed money. I got behind a chair and asked his name and business.

"I came to buy some dollars," he said. And gave an Italian name, explaining he was born in Finland, despite it. Sun came pouring in, he looked incredibly cheerful and I began to be amused.

"How much would you give me?" I asked.

"Three hundred and twenty marks for dollar bills. Two hundred and seventy-five if it's in travelers cheques. Both of them are more than double legal value."

"How can you afford it?" I asked.

"People need money going traveling," he said. "There are restrictions on how many dollars you may buy. Simple?"

"But it's black market," I said.

"It doesn't harm anybody," he assured me. "Everybody does it."

Well, I thought to myself as he left: honesty is the best policy.

And then I got dressed and went out on the street and the magic began.

First of all it began with my ears. All around me there was the soft liquid sound of Finnish, spoken by all the passers-by. Odd phrases floated to my ears. The people in the shops, the streetcar ticket collector they all spoke Finnish. You turned on the radio and music you'd gone far to hear for 18 years, if you'd heard it at all, came pouring out. It was, literally, the most fantastic acoustic performance I've ever put my ears through.

Yet, in this scene that was so familiar while being so foreign, realities kept popping up.

I went to lunch, that first day, with a man from the Foreign Ministry. The restaurant was called Monte Carlo and was like any pleasant spot in New York. We had schnapps with the hors d'oeuvres, white wine with the omelet, a Finnish liqueur called "mesumäyrä likööri" with the coffee. I asked to see the bill. It came to 2,862 Finnish marks. That's nearly \$30 for two people.

"It's only in the last year we've had enough food," my host said. "Up until then it wasn't much fun. Just turnips for breakfast, turnips for lunch, turnips for tea. An alert publisher brought out a cookbook full only of recipes on how to disguise turnips."

He smiled. "We had a story at that time about a Finn and a Russian talking. The Russian said, 'Really, you Finns are bores. You only talk about food. We Russians, we talk about culture.' The Finn said, 'Why not? People always talk about the thing they haven't got.'"

He spoke in a perfectly normal, reasonably loud voice. The waiter permitted himself to smile too. There didn't appear to be a single shadow cast by an eastern curtain.

"Is it safe to tell those sort of stories in public spots?" I asked.

My host looked puzzled. "Why not?" he said.

"Are there many Russians around?" I asked hesitantly.

"No," he said. "They know we don't like them. Also, I believe they have orders not to fraternize. We might teach them to think."

Everywhere I'd been in Europe I'd heard talk of "the next war." During my fortnight in Finland I didn't hear it mentioned once. The nearest I came to a warlike crack was one night at a popular cabaret. An entertainer turned up swathed in a sacklike, bright red cloak. "I am the Red Shadow," he announced in heavy tones. "I hear all, see all, know all—but what can I do about it?" The audience chuckled approvingly.

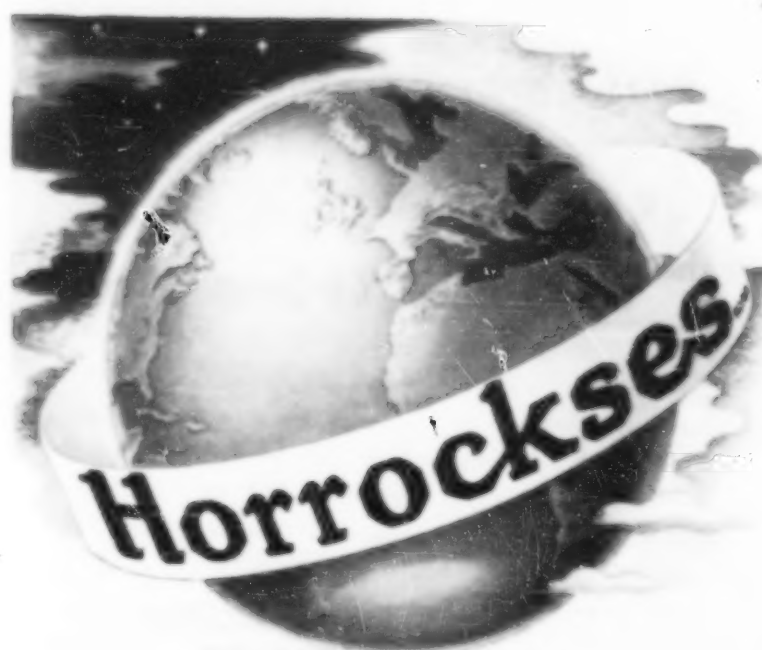
"Of course you know that the Red Shadow is the hero in an old Hungarian musical comedy," a member of the party explained to me, eyes twinkling. "That's the story and we'll stick to it. If necessary."

As far as I could figure it out these people, forced into extremely heavy terms by the Allies, had made their pact with the Russians, so they were keeping it. They don't have time to complain, nor do they have time for fear. Their native ability to take a day at a time, rather fatalistically, has turned to good advantage.

I think the fact that I had come home hit me at a perfectly mundane cocktail party. There were lots of people there, Finns, Swedes, few British, French. It could have been Canada, except for one thing. Even after 18 years in Canada there will come a moment at each group, at tea or dinner or during an evening's conversation, at which I suddenly recognize myself excluded. It's not done unkindly and when sometimes I've spoken of it I've got my ears pinned back by friends and told I was imagining things.

But it isn't so. I think it's partly the common background, partly thinking formed by shared experiences that unites happy, fortunate people into a freemasonry from which—with no desire on their part, I repeat—the foreigner or the stranger is excluded.

Well, here, in this strange Finland, upon a spring afternoon of pale yellow sunlight, a tall fellow told a story, and I was inside the laughter, not outside. I noticed it again and again after that. For the first time in my life I consciously recognized the joy of being a



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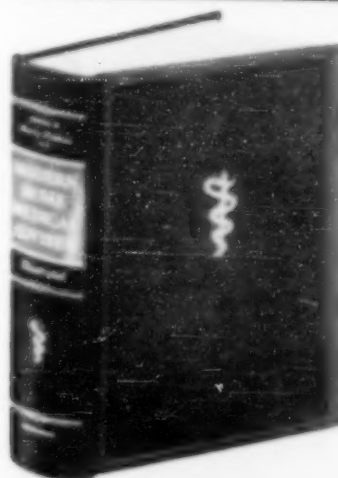
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part of the pattern, accepted without explanations, included without question or hesitation, despite the fact that this was a land and a people I knew only with my heart. Despite the fact that I was a visitor.

The post tugged at me, the bonds were strong. This, too, I realized the morning the three Karelians came to see me.

Karelia is the eastern province, almost entirely in Russian territory now. When they took over they invited the population to remain in their homes. Of the some 450,000 people concerned 12 stayed behind. The rest of them are Finland's biggest postwar problem, and one of the reasons for the desperate housing shortage. I am a Karelian myself. Viipuri, the city where I was born, was the ancient capital of the province. Karelians are gayest of the Finnish tribes, the singing gay fatalists, poets, musicians and moonshiners.

On the telephone I'd been told about the Karelian Society and the point of the visit was to tell me more. But when I came down to meet the three serious men who waited for me in the lobby, we talked of the land instead, pored over photographs of destroyed Viipuri, and recalled spots and scenes I ached to see again, and probably never shall.

And then the big man, member of Parliament still for a riding that no longer exists in Finland, spoke of his home on the Isthmus.

"My goodness," I said, "that's where we went for summers."

"It's really not at the station," he said, "our farm was by Suola Lake."

"So was our villa," I said, and described the point and the elaborate, towered, balconied wooden gonstrosity that had been the house.

Slowly a vast smile spread over his face. "I used to bring fish to sell to your house," he said. We beamed at one another.

"If one could only go back," I said.

Takes Time to Get a Visa

The three of them looked at nothing. Then the most loquacious of the three said, "Train to St. Petersburg stops two hours in Viipuri. You can get out and walk around. Some people have seen the city. Nothing much there now. Ruins. You must get a visa from the Russians."

I called the Soviet Embassy that day and explained who I was and said I'd very much like to go and visit the city where I was born. The press attaché, Colonel Pakkanen, spoke Finnish and suggested I call the consulate.

"I haven't got much time," I said. "Can you hurry up the matter?"

"If you haven't much time," he said, "I don't think there is a chance of your getting a visa. These things take time."

I called the consulate for four days in a row and never got anyone who'd speak anything but Russian. I couldn't reach Pakkanen again.

But one day, on a train, I spoke to a man about my unreasonable anxiety to see again places I had known as a child. He smiled. "The nights are too light now," he said. And changed the subject.

Despite the housing shortage and the compulsory boarders (one room per person by law: the Finns entertain in their homes. But even at restaurants, or formal dinners, they will burst into song at merest suggestion. I think it was this singing that completely cemented my return.

I can't carry a tune myself, but I like to sing all the same and to hear others sing. In Finland it isn't necessarily a planned group around a piano. For example, soon after arrival I spoke of a song that I've always loved, "Ju-

Karjalan kunnolla lehtii puu . . ."

"On Karelia's hills the trees are turning green." This was at a formal dinner, with perhaps 50 people, but quite simply they all sang it right through, part singing beautifully by the second verse. A group of young university students got together one night, just to sing through their vast repertoire of songs. No accompaniment, no refreshments.

Many of these songs I had known as a child. Peculiarly they bridged, in sound, the years, as I don't suppose anything else could have.

Canada's My Home for Keeps

The songs were there, as a key to familiarity, too, when for Easter I went north to visit an uncle I had not seen since I was eight. Here were cousins and their husbands, and small children who said "aunt"—the first time I've ever been called aunt by anyone—absolute strangers to whom you didn't have to explain anything, because they knew everything, from family skeletons to all your Christian names.

Here, too, by my uncle's 500-year-old church, was the old churchyard and between the moss-covered, centuries-old stones there were crisp rows of small white crosses there only since 1939 and 1940. And there a tall young cousin who'd been four and full of devilment when I'd last seen him. Even a grave is singularly moving when, on a churchyard hilltop, above the lake and the village, the church bells ringing—you find it belongs to you.

So it went for some 10 days. I was finding that roots are not destroyed in 18 years; that race knowledge stays acute if latent in your mind through long separation; that whatever the circumstances and whether in the cities and hills I'd personally known or not Finland could never be strange to me.

And then, my last night in Finland, I was asked to make a speech, quite impromptu. So I got up, and I told them about Canada. And I found that with no second thought, and with utmost sincerity, I spoke as a Canadian. I was explaining about my country, wanting it to be understood and loved, to good friends.

I thought about this often, in the three, four weeks in Holland and England, before an aircraft again approached another shore. Again there was a Canadian pilot, Alan Stroeve of Montreal, in the controls of the big Dutch airliner, and from the cockpit the view spread vast.

It was with sudden excitement I recognized the coastline. Why, there was Sydney ahead, and there Bras d'Or, that salty inland lake that had awakened me, soothing, one misty morning last summer. And I had sat on a silvered driftwood log by the beach there and contemplated life. And there the white winding road we drove down to Baddeck, and the point with the white church where we'd picnicked.

Now, beyond the Gut of Canso the Gulf of St. Lawrence sprawled blue and huge, and southward, on the horizon, the thin blue line would be P. E. I., basking in the memory of slow days by the sea. I took a long breath and I found myself thinking that perhaps that house I wanted to have when I was old I'd have here, by the sea, instead of in Timagami, or on that ridge of hills just north of Toronto, or, as I sometimes thought, on the St. Lawrence.

And it was then something struck me. I loved Finland. I couldn't be prouder of the part of my personal heritage I owe her. But not once at any time had it occurred to me that I might have a home, for keeps, anywhere but in Canada. ★

Meet Maggie Muggins

Continued from page 18

Maggie and after three years of reading Maggie's gleeful conversations with her animal friends she can still sound like a six-year-old. The hitch is that Maggie's author has found the personal appearances profitable and she requires a Maggie who looks as well as sounds juvenile. By keeping Beryl as much a nonentity as possible, Mary Grannan hopes to be able to switch Maggies some day without jolting too much the loyalties of prewies across the nation.

Beryl already has convinced some people around the CBC that she is capable of bigger things. Kay Stevenson, producer of the Muggins shows and an educational series on which Beryl appeared, calls her "the best child actress we've ever had"; Frank Willis, one of CBC's most able producers, says she is an "inspired child."

"She already reads faster than most adults," says Willis, "and she requires very little direction. I cast her as a 14-year-old in an hour-long production of a Tolstoy play and she was magnificent. No trace of Muggins."

They Rout Pete the Rat

The usual procedure for the Muggins broadcasts is for Beryl and Mary Grannan to come down to the studio first and go over the script. Muggins is broadcast from a small room, furnished with two grand pianos under dusty tarpaulins, a shrouded vibraphone and a celeste, also under wraps. In the centre of the room are two microphones, one glittering and new and the other distinctly doddering. There are no chairs or other furniture.

Leaning on the pianos, Mary and Beryl go over the script. Beryl reads the Muggins parts and Mary everything else. Beryl reads without self-consciousness, racing through her lines with a verve and speed that would do credit to a third reading. The plot of a recent script, typical of the Muggins series, had her open with a song, chat with her elderly friend Mr. McGarrity for a few minutes about animal life, and then join her friend Fitzgerald (the field mouse, played in a falsetto by Mary).

Maggie and Fitzgerald combine to rout a villain known as Pete the Rat (also played by Mary); they dash off a few more songs, get in a moral about children not touching guns and sign off. Throughout the reading Mary interrupted Beryl to give a few line directions. For example, Beryl tells Mr. McGarrity he sings "just like a BIRD" and Mary instructs her to read this "just LIKE a bird."

"One thing about Maggie," Mary says briskly, "you never have to give her an inflection twice. She has an amazingly quick ear and she can mimic your expression perfectly."

When she and Beryl had gone over the script once, James Annand, who plays the role of Mr. McGarrity, came in and picked up his copy of the script. The three went through it together, timing the show at 13 minutes and 35 seconds, which Mary pronounced satisfactory.

Kay Stevenson, the producer, drifted in, followed by the accompanist, Lou Snider.

"We'd better have a dress rehearsal," Kay announced and departed into the glass-fronted control room. Beryl took her place at her mike and Mary and Annand stood at the big mike. Snider sat down at the vibraphone.

"Let's take it from the top of the minute," Kay called and the cast watched the second hand on the electric clock sweep around the dial. When it

reached the top Snider burst into the Muggins theme and the show was off. Kay marked the progress of the time on her script two or three times to a page so she could tell instantly if the broadcast was running longer or shorter than the rehearsal. The show was timed at 14 minutes and 13 seconds.

It was then a few minutes after 5. Mary and Snider gossiped idly. Annand checked his script, Kay lit a cigarette and the engineer tried to synchronize the clock in the control room with the one in the studio.

Beryl disappeared to check a report that a sparrow was loose in the rafters of Studio G. She returned only three minutes before broadcast time, but no one appeared alarmed that she would be late. A minute after she came in, Byng Whittaker, CBC staff announcer, arrived and picked up his script.

At 5:29 Kay and the engineer switched on the network's departing show, listened for the station and network announcements and watched the clock. Kay held her arm above her head, the actors watched her and she watched the clock. At 5:30 she brought her arm down and the theme started instantly.

"Just Mary brings you the strange adventures of Maggie Muggins..." murmured Whittaker into the mike.

"Maggie Muggins is fun and she has freckles on her nose and it's turned up..." began Mary. This is a new introduction, recently changed from "Maggie Muggins is six and she has..." as a gesture at co-operation with Beryl's advancing maturity.

Beryl reads her lines standing easily with no trace of strain. She keeps her mouth at precisely the same distance from the mike for all her lines; between lines she turns and watches the other actors but she never moves her feet. As is her custom, this reading was perfect—no fluffs, no mistakes. When the show was over she raced out of the studio, bolted into her coat, caught a waiting cab and was on her train home 15 minutes later. She arrived in Streetsville at 6:45.

For all this Beryl received the union minimum paid by the CBC to all who participate in its sustainer or non-sponsored shows. Beryl gets \$12.50 for each Muggins show, and she also receives \$12.50 for each of her one-minute commercial blurbs. For the recent hour-long production on which she appeared she was paid \$40 which included more than three hours of rehearsing.

Campfire Girls, New Yorker

Streetsville, where the Braithwaites have lived for about four years, is a commuters' town northwest of Toronto, known principally for the rising cost of its real estate and the perpetual disrepair of its streets. The Braithwaites moved there when Max was discharged from the Navy and settled down to become one of the country's better known radio and magazine writers.

Beryl, born Beryl Marie Braithwaite in Saskatoon, Sask., is the oldest of three children. The family is a happy one.

The Braithwaites are all hopeless punners and spend a great deal of time laughing heartily at their own antics. Six-year-old Sharon recently tried to twist her pun several ways to get more laughs and was chastised by her four-year-old brother Christopher.

"Shari," he shrieked, "don't milk it!"

Beryl's attitude toward the younger Braithwaites is part maternal and part nursery-school teacher. She arranges games to amuse them and controls them with the expert use of make-believe. When her parents are out and

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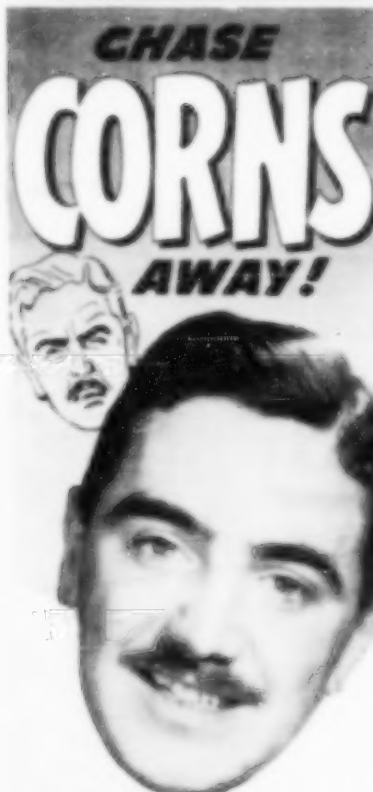


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she prepares the meal she will hand Shari and "Kiffie" a menu, take down their order, serve them deftly and then present the bill which Shari pays with play money.

Beryl loves to read. She follows the New Yorker, dips into the Campfire Girls and on into Sinclair Lewis. She learned to read when she was six.

"She read two and three books some days," recalls Mrs. Braithwaite. "Max and I figured she was just scanning the lines, that she couldn't possibly be reading, so we read one of her books and questioned her about it. She knew it thoroughly, down to the finest details."

Beryl is equally impartial in her choice of radio programs. She is fascinated by the spoken word on the radio and will listen to anything delivered orally. Her favorites are mysteries and other dramas, but her parents have observed her listening with equal devotion to political speeches and radio forums.

One of Braithwaite's first radio jobs when he was discharged from the Navy was to write a series for the CBC about family life, to be called—with a stroke of ingenuity typical of the CBC—"Our Family." He naturally chose the material at hand and wrote about a family much like his own. One part was for an eight-year-old girl.

Ambition: To Crash the Movies

Don Fairbairn, earnest CBC producer, was running this show and he told Braithwaite he was having trouble casting the child role. Braithwaite cleared his throat, shemed a few times and said that it just happened he had a daughter who could play that part.

This is an old gag in radio, announcers bring in their certain-for-stardom children every week. Fairbairn politely agreed to hear Beryl, went right on worrying about the part.

Braithwaite returned home, devised a cardboard mike and began coaching Beryl on microphone technique. He taught her how to read her lines—his lines—and when he had her ready took her to Fairbairn. Fairbairn was stunned and hired her instantly.

The show lasted 17 weeks and when it disappeared in a CBC economy wave Beryl was asked to play in a British movie called "Marie Chapdelaine" to be filmed in Quebec. The script writer had condensed the parts of 12 children into a single meaty role, that of a 10-year-old girl. Beryl would be required to dye her hair a dark red to have it photograph black. Her parents thought it over carefully, decided it had the ominous sound of opportunity knocking and agreed.

Beryl and her mother left for Grandmère, Que., and were there five weeks when the company ran out of funds and could get no more through from England. Beryl had so impressed the British, however, that they wanted to take her back to England with them, but this also collapsed because of exchange difficulties.

Mary Grannan was then searching for a Maggie Muggins and Beryl stepped into the part. She was, and is, much like the fictional Maggie. She, too, is full of excitement and curiosity, essentially kind and thoughtful and consistently courteous to her elders. Beryl is never bratty, never tries to join in when older actors clown during a rehearsal.

Her current ambition is to be a movie star. When she goes to the movies she sees a picture several times, sits in the first row so she can pretend she's on the screen too. She solemnly feels that radio—which many dramatic stars, such as Ingrid Bergman, find the most difficult medium of all, is too limited and she yearns to "really act,

with my facial expression and my whole body."

She keeps her hand in by acting about 16 hours of the day. When she wakes she spends a few moments deciding who she'll be all day and she never dresses until the problem is settled. Her favorite is a lady spy. She eats her breakfast and sets off for school, keeping up an elaborate pretense of being a 13-year-old child to fool the enemy while inside she plots to overthrow the community.

At school she listens carefully, waiting for someone to slip and reveal the precious formula to her, and biking home she reports to an imaginary superior on her findings. A number of Streetsville residents have overheard Beryl talking earnestly into thin air. They think she is rehearsing a part. On Saturdays Beryl usually chooses to be a housewife, a happy choice because her mother feels this is a good day to instruct her dreamy daughter in the rudiments of housework.

Beryl's schoolwork flourishes despite her frequent absences. She's in Grade VII now but has kept so far ahead of her classmates all year that this spring she will write her Grade VIII examinations.

The youngsters of Streetsville have gotten used to Beryl's being famous in an anonymous sort of a way. She is indistinguishable in the mob that collects in the drugstore for Cokes after school, and if she has to turn down a skating party because of a show no one says "Imagine that!" They sympathize, murmur "Tough luck" and return to chewing on their straws.

Beryl is a boon to party-givers because she loves to tell stories and even adults are spellbound as she recounts such drama as "The Foiling of the Green Dragon." One time she was invited to a hayride party and she arrived to find her hostess tearing her hair. The wagon had broken down and the distraught woman was faced with an unscheduled four hours of entertainment. This was a breeze for Beryl—she told the children stories and devised quiet, controlled games the entire afternoon. The grateful parents are among Beryl's hottest admirers today; it is from them she receives her tips on stocks.

Miss Muggins Is Getting Glamour

Most of her income goes into her savings account, earmarked for her future tuition at a dramatic school in New York. The family buys her everything most 13-year-olds would own, but when she wants something extra, such as her radio and record player, she must get their approval and then buy it herself. They have attempted to curb her generosity, which used to cause her to spend her wages on lavish gifts for the family, by doing her a dollar a week for all expenditures.

Beryl has been braced for three years for some tot to ask her why she is so big, but the question has never come. She is prepared to explain that she had to grow so tall so she could read what Maggie Muggins said, but it is not likely she will ever be called upon to make her explanation now. She has cut her braids, wears a feeble amount of lipstick and takes an interest in the opposite sex. She feels all of this renders her unfit to present herself as a six-year-old any more.

Her sister Shari received a Maggie Muggins doll for Christmas last year and Beryl gave her a plastic cradle to go with it. Shari plays for hours with the combination.

"Isn't she sweet," she says solemnly, "she's really Maggie Muggins, you know, but I call her Beryl."

It's a good switch at that. ★

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Prize Fighter

Continued from page 13

professional ring. When Johnny was seven Papa Greco had taken him into the back yard, put on his tiny fists a grotesque pair of mitts, and taught him to lead with his left.

"One day," Papa Greco had said, "my Johnny will be the champion."

From then on the Canadian welter-weight champion's story followed an almost classical pattern. He walked four miles every night from his home to the Griffintown Boys' Club to learn pugilism. At 10 he scrapped in amateur tournaments. At 15 he was so wild about boxing he played hooky from the Catholic High School to hang around professional gymnasiums.

When he was 17 he was signed up as a professional by Raoul Godbout who was managing Dave Castelloux, then Canadian lightweight champion. Greco fought a few mediocre fights in Montreal, then Godbout washed his hands of him. Johnny went to New York and boxed on the club circuits. His U. S. trainers found his trouble lay in a thin neck. They had him put two inches on it with special exercises. After that Greco was never knocked out and he attracted the speculative eyes of promoters.

He got his first chance in Madison Square Garden in 1942 on the same program as a Tami Mauriello-Lou Nova match. Greco flattened Harold Green in the first round and Mike Jacobs went to his dressing room and said: "Johnny, you're here to stay."

A few months later the two biggest drawing cards in New York were Johnny Greco and Beau Jack. Later in '42 when they were matched together for the first time the gate amounted to \$159,000 of which \$30,000 was Greco's share. The fight was a draw. Each of Greco's two subsequent losing fights against Beau Jack drew more than \$100,000. Greco's total purse for the three fights was more than \$80,000. He returned to Montreal and gave his grandparents \$3,500 in bills to pay off the mortgage on the house. Then he gave his father \$15,000 to buy a row of five small houses as an investment. He bought himself a Cadillac convertible.

Greco in Parliament

In 1943 when he was 19 Greco enlisted in the Canadian Army. Why he never went overseas was the Army's business. He raised more than \$10,000 for Army sports funds by exhibition bouts. A few months after his enlistment Gordon Graydon (M.P., Peel, Ont.) rose in the Commons to question Private John Greco's extracurricular activities.

W. C. Macdonald, parliamentary assistant to Defense Minister Ralston, explained why the Canadian soldier had been given 15 days' furlough to box professionally against one Cleo Shans at Madison Square Garden, New York. The Army's excuse was that the Shans fight had been contracted before Greco's enlistment was not considered valid by many M.P.'s.

Soon afterward a dead man was found on the road between Montreal and Farnham Camp. Blood and hair were noticed on the bumper of Greco's car. Greco was charged with manslaughter but, defended by Louis The Lawyer, he was acquitted.

After his discharge from the army Greco returned to New York for a short time. There was an Athletic Commission enquiry into a fight which he lost. Nothing was proved against Greco but when his New York license

expired he did not apply for its renewal.

In 1946 he won the Canadian welter-weight championship from the veteran Dave Castelloux. He chose to live in Montreal because expenses and income tax were lower. As a Canadian champion he could always be sure of big gates at the Forum. He bought the house on Mariette Avenue to share with his family.

Trotting homeward that Saturday morning Greco could reflect on the fact he was worth \$100,000, plus an annuity which would guarantee him \$200 a month for life from the age of 30, five years away.

Raoul Godbout, who had lost faith in Greco as a youngster, had guaranteed him \$30,000 for an unspecified number of fights over 12 months, or 25% of the gates he attracted, whichever was the greater.

"And that is steady money for a steady boy," said Papa Greco as they opened the garden gate. It was just after 7 o'clock.

About noon Frankie Doyle left his room in the Laurentien Hotel and took a cab to the Palestre Nationale, a French athletic club's building in mid-eastern Montreal. Shortly afterward Papa and Johnny Greco left for the same destination in the boxer's 1949 Monarch. Greco stripped among small boys and youths preparing for swimming, badminton and handball. Doyle looked at his naked body grimly. He knew without looking at the scales his boy was still overweight.

"My Boy Never Hurt a Kid"

At 1 p.m. they went down into the big gymnasium where notices said *exposition du box* could be watched for 25 cents. The place was full of men in hats and coats. It was hot and odoriferous with sweat, cigar smoke and rubbing alcohol.

At the other side of the ring was a large square of plain planking. On this half a dozen youths were shadow-boxing. Fringing, dodging, darting and ducking they fired blows at imaginary foes and splashed the floor with their sweat. In their eyes was the fixed stare of determination to sweat.

When Greco stepped on the planking the others moved off and a circle formed round the champ. He began by trotting on his toes, arms dangling loosely, head lolling slackly. Once he began to sweat he did shadowboxing. Then he did press-ups, toe touchings, neck twistings, stomach exercises and knee bends with such vigor and for so long it hurt to watch him. After about half an hour of this Frankie Doyle called enough and rubbed Greco down with a towel.

Greco then bandaged his own hands. Frankie Doyle laced on Johnny's boxing gloves and pulled a padded helmet over his head.

Greco then climbed into the ring. He was sparring for the last time before the fight. This was 1.30, the Saturday before the fight. Sunday and Monday, he hoped, would be days of complete relaxation.

His four partners came from a little stable run by 30-year-old Earl Aspel, son of Jimmie the second. They were Ian McNeill, Mario Massaro, Herman Congrove and Rocky Armando. Congrove and Massaro were fighting preliminary bouts on the same Monday night program. They would get about \$100 apiece while Greco would get anything between \$5,000 and \$10,000 according to the gate. Beau Jack had been guaranteed a flat \$10,000.

Frankie Doyle would get 10% of Greco's purse. Then would come training expenses. For four weeks Greco had been paying his four



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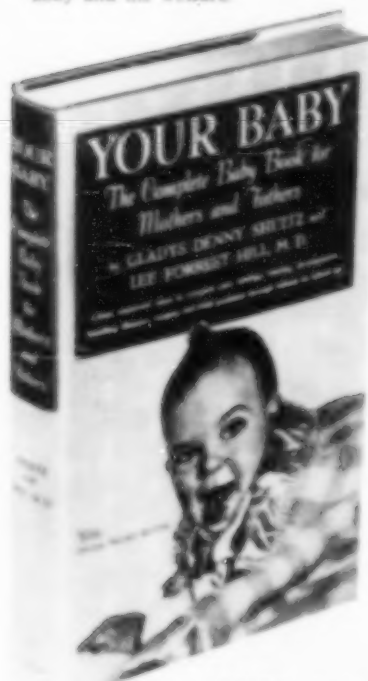
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partners \$5 a day each—a total of nearly \$500. Bills for bandages, liniments and two new mouthpieces at \$30 each had come to about \$100. He had made a score of dollar handouts to hangers-on for running errands. After the fight he would tip Jimmie Aspel according to how he felt—maybe \$100 or \$200. Greco figured he had already spent or was committed to around \$1,800 before he ever took a swing at Beau Jack.

As Greco prepared to spar Frankie Doyle said: "First he gets a heavy boy so's he can exercise his punch. Then he defends himself with another heavy boy who can hit Johnny hard as he likes. Next round in goes a lighter kid to make him up, exchanging blows, attacking and defending. Last we put in the lightest kid of all, telling him to go all out for Johnny. This makes Johnny move. But he don't have to hurt any of the kids."

"My boy never hurt a kid in his life," said Papa Greco.

In the last round with the lightest boy the champion fended off good-humoredly a wild flurry of desperate blows as his little opponent, snorting to clear his nose, sprang at him from all corners. Suddenly Greco got a smart clip over the ear. He struck lightly back and the young boxer reeled.

Following the ring work Greco did five minutes on "the last ball," tapping it with cat's-paw rapidity until it sounded like a roll of drums and was a mere flash of light between the ceiling and his fist. He varied the rhythm monotonously before the gawking crowd, and finally hit the ball so hard that it cracked the ceiling with the report of a 25-pounder gun.

"You Know How It Is"

"In the last three weeks," said Papa Greco with awe, "he's busted three fast balls."

At 2.30 Beau Jack entered the gym and Greco left. Opponents never watch each other train. After a shower Greco went up to *Les Bains Hydropathiques* and on snowy sheets was massaged by experts in surgical coats.

"Look at that boy," said Frankie Doyle. "He's fast asleep. He's not cool. He's cold. Now when I was training Maxie Rosenbloom he was all nerves." But Doyle looked glum. Greco was still heavy.

At home Greco went without lunch. He made bitter little jokes about steaks. But to a visiting reporter he was gracious. He took the reporter's coat, hung it in the closet and asked Papa Greco to bring in a glass of Scotch. Then he sat moodily on a Chesterfield, playing with puzzles.

As Papa Greco talked endlessly on the subject of his son, Greco smiled knowingly at the reporter. The reporter diffidently approached the subject of the manslaughter charge. Greco's lip curled. He said: "I was a well-known boxer. You know how it is."

"He's taking six buddies back to camp," stormed Papa Greco. "It's a cold night and the windows is steamed up. Johnny's going slow because he has to keep wiping the windshield. Sure he feels a bump. Everybody feels lots of bumps driving in winter. Next thing he knows he's a manslaughterer."

"And about the Army?" asked the reporter.

Greco said simply: "I volunteered. I wasn't conscripted. I was a big prize-fighter. The officers knew the troops wanted to see me box. They put me in a big exhibition match in Montreal. I wanted to go overseas but I guess the Army wanted to show me off at home. Publicity and all that stuff."

"He volunteered for the parachutes," said Papa Greco, "and they found a bone wrong in his back."

Greco shrugged. When his mother, smartly dressed and white-haired, came in to see if anybody wanted tea Greco rose to his feet and remained standing until she had gone.

"This probe in New York?" said the reporter.

Greco's eyes burned. "I never gave a fight away," he said.

"Look at his boy!" said Papa Greco. "Look at his eyes! Are those the eyes of a crooked fighter?"

"Before the fight he was sick in the washroom," said Papa Greco. "But he didn't tell nobody. He'd sneaked a bit of fish, see, because he was hungry. He thought he'd be okay. You tell me any boxer who can win after that! You never ought to have eaten that fish, Johnny."

"I know," said Greco, "but I was hungry."

"You fight better when you are hungry," said Papa Greco.

"Sure," said Greco. "Sooner it's over sooner I get something to eat."

Greco said when he was not training he smoked cigars but didn't inhale and took the odd glass of beer. A couple of years back he had had a steady girl, but "it didn't work out."

"Training is monotonous," he said. "The fitter you get the more you want girls, food and booze. I keep my mind off it with reading, howling and going to the movies. Dad and I go to the movies five nights a week. I once read Rabbi Liebman's 'Peace of Mind' and went for it in a big way. I also play a lot of checkers with Dad but it's not really hard enough to keep your mind off other things. So we're learning chess. Chess is a very hard game."

He was determined never to get punchy. Boxers who get punchy, he said, tried to do too much. "They try to be boxers and ordinary guys at the same time," he said. "But you can only take so much out of a body. What you take out you have to put back in rest."

He planned to quit the ring before he was 30. "Maybe I'll take a little tavern, I'd like to go into business. Louis de Zwick will tell me what to do. He's looked after me fine ever since the manslaughter case. Nobody else wanted to take me on."

At 6 o'clock that Saturday evening Greco had a small broiled steak and fresh vegetables followed by a glass of milk and an apple. He would have liked some pie but refrained. At 7 he went to see Jane Wyman in "Johnny Belinda." At 10 he was in bed.

Take It Off, Take It Off

Down at Slutkin and Slotkin's where the fight crowd and their girls were gathering for the night the odds, which had been slightly in favor of Greco, shifted in favor of Beau Jack because word had got through the grapevine Greco was still overweight. The juke box played "So-o-o-o Tired."

On Sunday morning Greco had his usual run and that finished his exercise. He was tapering off. For breakfast he had scrambled eggs.

In the afternoon he went for a short walk alone. For supper he had a piece of broiled fish. During the evening he went to the movies with his dad. That night he stayed up till after 12 playing checkers so that he'd be tired and sleep.

The next morning, the day of the fight, he stayed in bed reading till noon after poached eggs on toast. Then he rose and set off in his car for 435 Champ de Mars Street in downtown Montreal, the offices of the Montreal Athletic Commission. They were full

of boxers and managers come for the weigh-in. Greco was due there at 1 p.m. But he was late because he had a flat on the way and had to drive into a service station.

His lateness excited Chick Wergeles, Beau Jack's manager. "One o'clock was the time," he said excitedly. "Here's my boy sittin' around when he should be resting!" Beau Jack didn't seem to care. He was squatting in the centre of a ring of admiring Negroes talking and laughing. He wore a canary-yellow fedora and a bright green jacket. "If Greco don't come soon fight's off!" threatened Wergeles.

Frankie Doyle seemed quietly anxious. Raoul Godbout rushed around offering free tickets to the boxers' supporters and snapping like an angry terrier when they asked for one more "for the girl friend."

As the crowd pressed up toward the scales on which the preliminary bout fighters were being weighed in an official of the Athletic Commission kept shouting: "Clear the room! *Quitter la chambre!*" When nobody took any notice of him he dropped his head into his hands as if he were about to be racked by sobs.

Greco strolled in at 1.30 wearing a black woollen sports shirt open at the neck and flannel slacks. The crowd parted respectfully to let him through. He seemed to strip in a second and was on the scales before some spectators realized he had arrived.

The MAC official announced dramatically: "One forty-nine pounds fourteen and one half ounces."

"He should be 148," yelled Chick Wergeles.

Frankie Doyle looked dark. "Clear the room for conference!" said the official.

This time he was obeyed. For five minutes Beau Jack's side and Greco's side conferred behind locked doors. Then Frankie Doyle burst out angrily with his arm round Greco. "What's happening?" somebody asked. "He's gotta take it off!" snapped Doyle.

Eight hours before the fight Greco took off three pounds by skipping and shadowboxing in a hot room at the Pelestre Nationale. The effort cost him a lot of reserve energy. Then Chick Wergeles agreed Beau Jack could fight.

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when Greco got home. He rested until seven. By eight he was down at the Forum sitting in the dressing room playing gin rummy with Doyle. He had eaten nothing since breakfast.

The bout attracted 10,394 spectators who paid \$38,428, thus making Greco's share more than \$9,000 and Doyle's around \$900. When a distant roaring announced the end of the last preliminary Greco was fast asleep on the rubbing table.

Doyle shook him: "Wake up, Johnny," he said, "we're on." Greco yawned, donned a black silk dressing gown, muffled himself with a towel and strode out to the ring. Beau Jack, weighing 138 lbs., was already there, dancing in his corner like an electrified

marionette and showing off his famous upwinding bolo punch. Greco, weighing 147 lbs., climbed through the ropes with little show, acknowledged the cheers of the crowd with a nod.

Within two rounds Beau Jack was back on his heels, having taken a powerful right in his eye and a left jab to the solar plexus. As Beau Jack circled and feinted Greco turned to meet him solidly like a slowly revolving Rock of Gibraltar. Beau Jack's punches began to flail wildly. Then Greco advanced steadily, remorselessly, jolting Beau Jack so methodically that once the Negro was hanging blindly on the ropes. In the seventh round it seemed queer that Beau Jack had not been knocked out.

In the ninth round Beau Jack's face resembled a piece of liver and his eyes were two blobs of tomato ketchup. Out of the 10 rounds Greco won seven, drew two and lost only one. The Negro fought gallantly, but Greco so easily outclassed him that the crowd was amazed and delighted.

Modest Greco Takes a Bow

It was 3 o'clock in the morning after the fight when Frankie Doyle entered Slutkin and Slutkin's. Raoul Godbout the promoter was there. So was gargantuan Jimmie McKimmie, dean of Canadian promoters. Louis The Lawyer dropped in for a few minutes.

The proprietors of the saloon, Lou Wyman and Jack Rogers, wanted to know whether Greco would look in to say hello and take a bow.

"He went home to see his mother," said Frankie Doyle. "He always goes home to his mother after a fight."

"But is he coming down?" insisted one of the girls.

"You shoulda seen that lump of steer beef he tied himself onto," grinned Doyle. "It shoulda been in a field with a bell round its neck."

"But is he coming down?" said another girl.

"Maybe," said Doyle, "never can tell."

At that moment Greco came in wearing a quiet blue overcoat and dark sunglasses to hide his swollen eyes. There was a burst of applause and he was passed round the cocktail lounge from one introduction to another.

All he said was: "Thank you!" and "Very kind of you!" and "Aw, I dunno!" when everybody told him how marvelous he was.

With great ceremony he drank a glass of beer and lit a cigar. "I never inhale," he assured the crowd. Then he stood smiling modestly, like royalty at a charity bazaar.

After 10 minutes he said: "Well, guess I gotta get back to bed."

"Aw, stick around, Johnny!" pleaded one of the girls.

"Some other time, miss," said Greco. He left with a friendly wave to all.

"What a boy!" said Frankie Doyle. "The best thing that ever happened to Canadian boxing," said Raoul Godbout.

"He's got such bright, honest eyes," said one of the girls.

"He's a gentleman," said Louis de Zwiak, K.C.

The bar became busy again. The juke box played "Cruisin' Down The River" seven times. Soon the milk trucks began to rumble up to the back door of the Laurentien. In the pearly half light, just along the street, a policeman arrested a teen-age prostitute.

Six miles west, in a \$23,000 home, Johnny Greco slept, alone at last in his room. And if he dreamed of forbidden fruit it was certainly of the spaghetti alla chitarra his mother planned to serve for lunch. *

Prem goes to a Porch Party

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2. **Mustard Sauce**—Combine 1/2 cup mayonnaise and 1 tablespoon prepared mustard. Capers or coarsely chopped cucumber pickles may be added. Makes 1/2 cup.

3. **Ruby Sauce**—Using a fork, break 1 cup of currant or other tart red jelly into small pieces but do not beat. Add 1 1/2 tablespoons coarsely grated orange rind. Chill at least an hour. Makes 1 cup. All three add tempting relish to THAT DELICIOUS COMBINATION

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You'll Get a Kick Out of Painting

Continued from page 16

sketch boxes they see in the art supply shops," says Winter. "Others buy everything but a beret and an artist's bow. Don't be frightened and don't blow a fortune on equipment. After all, if you were going to take up the violin you wouldn't expect to start on a Strad."

The cost of painting as a hobby can be kept within the bounds of almost any budget. If you buy student colors they shouldn't cost you much more than \$5. Brushes may account for another couple of dollars. A \$10 bill will set you up.

You need only nine colors to start. They are flake white, cadmium yellow, vermilion, alizarin crimson (deep red), ultramarine blue (warm blue), viridian green (deep green), Prussian blue (deep cold blue), burnt umber (rich warm brown) and yellow ochre. There are plenty of other colors, but, says Winter, you'll find your way to them when you are ready to use them.

It isn't necessary to buy a palette to mix the paints on; nothing beats a white dinner plate. For one thing, it's easy to clean.

You might try a soap plate, for that matter, if you want to join Joe Gatto, a former steam fitter and professional prize fighter, who has been recognized as one of the few genuine American primitives. Gatto uses a soap plate and 10-cent store brushes in the manufacture of his canvases which sell for \$30 to \$1,000 apiece. A primitive painter is one who has had no training, who has a simple view of life such as is found in a child, who is able to communicate this view to his canvas, and who is incapable of being influenced by other artists. Such a painter is Mickey Walker, the former welder and middleweight boxing champion, who took up painting after seeing the film "The Moon and Sixpence."

Most artists paint on canvas and most nonartists think nothing else will do. They're wrong. For a start Winter recommends a heavy piece of cardboard. Cardboard is not only less expensive than canvas but less inhibiting, too. Winter recommends a devil-may-care attitude. "Pick up your brush and say, 'This time I don't care what happens,' then slap the paint on."

The cardboard has to be treated, but that's simple and inexpensive. Coat it first with clear shellac and then, when dry, with one or two coats of the best flat white paint.

If you have some Masonite, that will do instead. Grandma Moses, foremost of the American primitives, buys sheets of Masonite and saws them up herself. By the time she's dabbed a bit of paint on them they're worth as much as \$3,000 apiece.

There is one thing you should not skimp on. You need the best brushes you can get. You need them in several sizes and shapes, some flat and some pointed. Two hogs' hair bristles. Nos. 5 and 8—and a smaller pointed sable brush will get you started.

Turpentine is needed for diluting paint and Winter recommends the medicinal brand obtainable in drug stores simply because it is odorless. However, the hardware variety is quite usable. A fruit jar makes a good turps container.

You don't need an easel and you don't need a sketching stool. On sketching trips Winter draws on his knee. Grandma Moses lays her Masonite flat on the kitchen table.

Now that you're equipped—what to paint? As there is little danger of you

executing a masterpiece the first time out Winter suggests a simple beginning exercise providing experiments in color, texture and design: a few oranges against a blue book on a piece of white toweling.

Whatever you do don't strip a calendar off the kitchen wall and start copying its winter scene. There is nothing satisfying in copying.

When you have your subject set up, squeeze out the colors around the edge of the plate. You'll need about the equivalent of a shot of toothpaste. Dilute with turps and mix your colors in the centre of the plate. Trial and error will eventually lead to the correct thickness of paint.

Now sketch the picture with pencil or charcoal on your canvas or cardboard; sketch lightly, not laboriously. Then, with your brush loaded with thinned burnt umber, outline the objects with a thick bold line. That done, fill in the color of the oranges, the book and the toweling.

"Feel if you can," Winter advises, "the waxiness of the oranges, the nice shape the book makes and the coarse texture of the toweling. As you develop the picture your attention will be caught by the subtle difference in colors, which you must add later."

Don't strive merely for a naturalistic reproduction of the objects. "One paints to express how one feels about a thing," says Winter. "If all you want is a photographic reproduction get a camera, not a paintbrush."

But above all the one big, beautiful idea Winter would like to get across is that when you pick up your brush let down your inhibitions. In the words of Winston Churchill, himself a dabbler of unbounded enthusiasm and some talent, "Audacity is the ticket."

"A lot of people are terrified by the sight of that big white space," says Winter. "It's a doorway leading to the unknown and it takes some courage to enter with dash and verve. Fight off the feeling of fright. Lash out! Be bold!"

You'll make mistakes, of course, but in oil painting you can often correct them by rubbing paint off with turps on a rag or by painting over it. Winter advises the beginner to leave water colors alone, because mistakes in that medium are almost impossible for the novice to correct.

Paint a Tarzan Jungle

When you have applied the last masterful stroke to your canvas or cardboard—depicting the waxy oranges, the coarse-textured toweling and the nicely shaped blue book, you will be less human than generally considered legal if you do not nail the first person who hoves into sight and show him or her what you have done. More than likely the victim will be your wife or husband.

Self-consciously, you'll smirk. "Well, how does it feel to be wed to a Michelangelo?"

After you have explained that Michelangelo was, and still is, a big wheel in paint, your mate will undoubtedly remark, "But what's that ugly-shaped blue thing?"

If you're going to survive as a painter past the orange-and-book stage you will have to learn at the outset to accept this kind of criticism as well as unqualified praise for what it is worth—and it is worth about \$3 in \$3 bills.

"Paint to please yourself" is Winter's advice. "You're the one who is having the fun. There is no one else in the world who is exactly like you or sees the world exactly as you do. Whatever you have to say will be of value, even if only to yourself."

Life is going to be pretty dull if you

stick to painting oranges and books, but what you choose to paint after that beginner's exercise is entirely up to you. Choice of subject is a completely personal matter and advice should neither be sought nor given.

Winter finds a high percentage of his subjects on city streets, but you can be stubborn and refuse to be moved by the life which teems around you. Perhaps you feel compelled to paint African jungle scenes though your knowledge of Africa may be entirely from the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs and the films of Johnny Weissmuller. There is no rule against this; indeed, you wouldn't even be unique.

Henri Rousseau, a Paris customs clerk who is accounted the greatest of all modern primitives, started the art world with his paintings of lions and jungles though he had never set foot in Africa or any other continent that boasts a first-class jungle.

The choice of subject, then, is left entirely to you, but you should choose something simple in form. Most amateur artists, even the accomplished ones, stick pretty close to landscape and simple figures.

Leave portraiture to the professionals; it's even too tough for a good many professional landscapers.

"Simplicity is the great thing in painting as it is in all the arts," Winter points out. By skimping on detail you'll not only make your work much easier, but perhaps more effective. Winter hastens to add, however, that a lot of great paintings such as "The Dutch Proverbs" by Peter Brueghel, the Flemish artist, have been as detailed as a year-end bank statement.

Painting will create its own problems. One of them may be perspective which whips many a beginner and plagues not a few experienced artists. Winter's advice is to take it in your stride, don't let it lick you. Perspective is, after all, only a point of view. Chinese art has always been as devoid of perspective as Dali is of conformity and yet no one has ever said it isn't art.

You Can Pull Out All the Stops

When it comes to composing your picture remember that you do compose it just as a musician composes music and an author composes a story. You may shift scenery about as prolifically as a stagehand at a drama festival if you wish. If there are too many trees in front of the lake to suit your artistic taste, chop them down, as many as you like. For that matter, you may fill in the lake and plant a few more trees.

Winter got his first and best lesson in composition as a boy. He had tramped miles through the woods one beautiful summer day and returned with what he thought was a pretty fair landscape. He displayed it rather proudly to his instructor and went into a running commentary on all the beauty he had encountered that day. There had been a babbling brook, then an open meadow, a brightly colored woodpecker doing a job on a stump, a beautiful cloud formation—and he rambled on and on. Finally, he had stopped in an open field and painted his landscape.

"Why," asked his instructor, "didn't

you put all or at least some of those other things in your painting?" That was easy to explain—they hadn't all been in one spot. The instructor then explained patiently to Winter that had he been a writer he would have gathered them all together on paper, a musician would have done the same—why shouldn't a painter have done it?

An artist can no more tell you what colors to use than a writer could tell you what words to use in writing a book. But as a guide Winter suggests you think in terms of warm and cold colors. Things in nature will usually divide into these two classifications. The cold colors are all the blues and greens, the warm colors are the reds and yellows.

The steps to follow in your first painting are only an elaboration of those you followed in the beginner's exercise. The color illustrations on pages 16 and 17 show seven stages in a work by Bill Winter and the finished painting. Winter suggests you follow his sequence—with audacity and strictly for fun.

Friends Get the Masterpieces

It should not cause you any great disappointment if, after you have struggled through these stages, you have produced something a thousand times more horrible than the picture of Dorian Gray. You may wonder after a while if you should put yourself in the hands of an instructor. Winter would answer, "yes." He believes some formal training is essential, though you don't need to take a protracted and expensive course.

No matter how small your community it is likely to have an art club or group of some description. Winter suggests you join it. There you'll get instruction, formal and informal, and also you'll be exposed to enjoyable and instructive shop talk. There, too, you'll find companions to accompany you on sketching trips.

"Golf and bridge are good pastimes," says Judge Denton, "but when you finish a game you have nothing to show for it. An amateur painter always returns from an outing with something which is more than can be said for many fishermen."

D. I. McLeod, the painting investment dealer, finds it refreshing to mix with artists whose interests are completely removed from his own everyday interests. His paintings make novel wedding and birthday gifts to friends. "That's the only way an amateur can get rid of them," he said.

Ernie Sellery, who operates a Toronto elevator by day and paints Swiss mountain scenes by night, finds painting helps fill the void left by the recent death of his wife. He began to paint when he found a box of paints among his wife's effects.

Shoe merchant Vernon Taplin says, "I love to paint, my wife loves to paint." On week ends they go out driving, stop the car whenever they spot a scene worth sketching.

Dr. John Ross paints because he "feels the need of complete relaxation" and has found it in painting.

Mickey Lester, radio disc jockey and comic, paints because "Here is my chance to do something serious. In the words of the song, it's a big, wide beautiful world we live in, and you can express how you feel about it in paint."

"I am," says Lester, "the world's greatest living barn painter. Even when I paint a man he looks like a barn."

If you have the urge to paint, paint and let your men look like barns. Perhaps that's the way they really appear to you. ★

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The Threat to the Throne

Continued from page 14

than normal Scottish hospitality Macbeth murdered him in his sleep - purred on by his wife who felt it her duty to encourage her husband in his determination to rise in the world.

The tragedy of Macbeth was written in the 16th century but its harsh basic truths are unaltered by the years. Men lust for power in every generation and if tradition or symbolism stand in their way then they must cut these down. No doubt Macbeth thought he could govern Scotland better than the uninspired Duncan - and why should a man remain on a throne merely because he was born to it?

The instinct to kill the king is almost as old as monarchy itself. In the name of progress Cromwell beheaded the harmless pigheaded Charles I, but progress did not come of it. In the name of liberty, equality and fraternity the French mob killed Louis XVI, but the streets ran red with blood and Napoleon turned the revolutionary frenzy into a war against Europe. In 1917 the Communists killed the Czar and buried liberty with his bones.

World War I sent the crowns of Europe rolling into the gutter. Germany and Austria were the first, but Spain followed and Greece did one of its intermittent changes from kingship to republicanism. Then with World War II we saw the exit of the Kings of Belgium, Italy, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Romania. Only in Britain, Holland and the Scandinavian countries did monarchy survive the cataclysm of war.

But let us not imagine that even the British throne has been immune from the shock of world events and tempest of human emotions. When the beloved Edward VIII abdicated he loosened the very foundations of the British throne. I make no charge against him nor offer any criticism, but that act of abdication began a period of wider abdication in Britain which nearly brought her to ruin.

It is a mighty tribute to the present King and his Queen that they have done much to restore the prestige of monarchy, being both loved and admired for their qualities; and it is equally true that in Princess Elizabeth and her husband we have two young people of great character and deep sense of duty. Yet we must not mistake the characters of individuals for the institution itself. Monarchy, even the British monarchy, is under a threat today which is almost as serious as the abdication.

The Trappings and Traditions

Supposing a man said that he wished to be a Catholic but would not acknowledge the Pope. When pressed for his reasons he might say: "Well, I like Catholics and as there are a lot of them in my town it would be good for business if I were one of them. But I can't abide this popery mumbo jumbo. Isn't he just a man like the rest of us? What's holy about him any more than other priests?"

I could imagine the present Pope, whom I knew before the war as Cardinal Pacelli, listening patiently and almost humorously to such a tirade, and then in turn saying: "I am not holy in myself but because I am God's servant. If you bow before me it is to acknowledge the authority of the Church. If you ask for my blessing it is not from me as a man but as God's vicar. If this offends you then you must walk your way and we will pray that the road will lead you to the light."

I have called on phantasy to illumi-

nate reality. For in the world of reality today we have nations historically associated with the British Empire asking that they can remain within the family as republics and without paying homage to the throne.

Common sense answers: Why not? Why should we allow the trappings and traditions of monarchy to stand in the way of an association of nations which will help to maintain the peace and to keep back the plague of Communism? We live in a streamlined world, a world of speed and science and progress. Let those who value symbols keep them, but do not ask others to bow the knee to the graven image of tradition.

Those are hard arguments to answer and one can understand the feelings of the Dominion premiers in London as Pandit Nehru put them in some such form at the conference table. Eire in its historic role of crying for the moon had not only become a republic but had received the blessing of His Britannic Majesty King George VI on its new estate. Then why not let India be a republic within the Commonwealth? And while we are at it what about Louis St. Laurent as the first president of the Republic of Canada, or Joseph B. Chifley as the first president of Australia.

In other words - hail progress! Hail logic! Hail realism! In a world of creeping common sense we must never look back even to find where we lost our way. Forward into the fog even if it brings us to the precipice!

"It is the darling delusion of mankind," wrote Moncure Conway in his "Dogma and Science," "that the world is progressive in religion, toleration and freedom as it is progressive in machinery." That relentless old mystic Goethe might have foreseen the tragedy of his Germany when he wrote: "Applaud us when we run, console us when we fall, cheer us when we recover, but let us pass on - for God's sake, let us pass on."

There have been bad kings and good kings, but the world has not yet found a substitute for the institution of the constitutional monarchy. Just as the factory cannot take the place of the cathedral, just as the marvels of science cannot replace the Cross, so the political head of a state cannot mean to the people what a king can mean, representing the nation as a whole, immune from party conflict, the first citizen and the first servant of the state.

When I was in Hamburg in 1946 a committee of Germans came to see our parliamentary deputation and asked if a British prince could be made King of Hanover. Perhaps they would not ask that now, although I am not sure, but they were like children in the night crying for the light. Their lives had been ruined by upstart politicians drunk with power.

I talked with Frenchmen in 1940 who described their feelings when Churchill made the 11th-hour proposal of a common citizenship between the French and British. "We would have heard the shouts again of 'Vive le Roi' on the streets of Paris. I think we would have wept with joy."

Where there is no monarchy the people look for a leader who will supply the symbol that has been taken away from them. Germany gave its heart and its head to the most evil mountebank of history, the posturing, ranting, cruel Hitler. The Russians, in spite of their sluggish democratic development, spoke of Czar Nicholas as the "Little Father." Not even Communist propaganda suggests that Stalin is so designated. Venizelos, the most astute and dynamic figure in Europe after World War I, overthrew the Greek monarchy and proclaimed the Republic

of the Hellenes. And in a few short years Greece was beaten to her knees by Turkey and the people cried out for their King.

Mussolini was too clever to depose his King and was content merely to dwarf him. Eventually the King died in his bed but Mussolini's corpse was strung up by the leg like a carcass in a butcher shop. So the story goes on and on.

Dictators Are Merely Mules

Monarchy supplies its own successor through the conduit pipe of the generations. Dictators and even presidents are like the mule - without pride of ancestry or hope of progeny. Cromwell nominated his son as his successor but the English soon settled that nonsense by sending for Charles II.

Having got this far I can hear voices in the audience asking: "What about America?" And certainly it would be impossible to leave out the immense human experiment of American republicanism. The U. S. has been fortunate in finding many presidents of outstanding ability, and at least three whose attainments amounted to genius. If constitutional monarchy is so essential to European countries why is it not also essential for the American people who, with their devious racial origins, should particularly require a symbol that would unite them?

History itself supplies the answer. America was born too late to establish a monarchy. A nation cannot create a monarchy as it would build a city hall. The roots must be there and they must be nourished by the centuries. Monarchies that are forced upon a people or even chosen by a people without the seasoning process of time seldom endure. Another reason why an American throne would be impossible is that the great republic was born out of rebellion against the spirit and the institutions of the old world.

Yet do not imagine that even the people of the most favored nation in the world do not sometimes wish that they had a symbolic figure at the head of the state who was divorced from the sound and fury of politics.

A year ago last Christmas I was at a friend's house in New York when, with about 10 American guests, we listened to the King's Christmas broadcast. At the finish when "God Save the King" came over the air from London, the entire company stood up. Let us admit that it was partly courtesy to a visitor from Britain, or even a generous warmth toward the old country, but was it not also a deep almost forgotten stirring of the blood answering to the magic words: "Gentlemen, the King!"?

We know that King George is warmed by the same summer and chilled by the same winter as the rest of us. We know only too well that all the sentries at the Palace gates cannot keep out the germs of illness. Like any other man he progresses through the various stages of life from son and brother to husband, father and grandfather. And even if the sycophant cries, "Great kings live for ever," he knows that in the end the candle will be snuffed out as it is for every man when the tale is told.

Yet the King is the continuing symbol of our story as a nation. Though mountains divide us and the waste of seas he is the one figure that keeps our unity as a people scattered across the map of the world. We look upon our King as the head of the family and would not have it otherwise.

Let those who are trying to weaken the British monarchy think on these things. Wisdom can dwell in the mighty oak as well as in the strippling growth of newly planted trees. ★

Let Your Child Grow Up

Continued from page 15

afraid of marriage and remains single.

The mother will complain pathetically, time and time again, "It is my greatest wish to find a good wife for George." (Notice that she wants to find the wife!) But she will jealously guard against the wife being found.

My friend John's life is a good example. John's father was unassuming; his mother positive and dominating; John highly talented. Thanks to his intellectual gifts, a good education and his mother's clever manoeuvring he held a good position with an impressive title while he was still fairly young.

But he remained to her a boy. Johnny had to live at home, for, "Where else could the boy find such a good place to live?" And, of course, Johnny had a weak stomach (in 96% of the cases it is his family life, rather than his stomach, that is out of order).

When you called up his home the mother answered: "Johnny is not at home. You know how terribly hard he works—till 11 at night in the office. And tomorrow he is going to speak before 4,000 people. You probably read about it in the paper. You will be there, won't you?"

Finally Johnny married the woman his mother had picked for him. Naturally, for he had inherited his father's compliant disposition. He was then married to two women, and his mother remained first in his heart.

At 8 a.m. the telephone would ring in the house of the young married couple: "How did Johnny sleep?" The next day: "The radio says the weather will be bad. See that Johnny wears a scarf. I have just knitted a beautiful one for him" (stab in the heart of the young bride, for she does not know how to knit). The day after: "So Johnny has left already. What are you cooking today?" But Johnny does not eat that. . . . Do you really put enough butter in his vegetables? It seems to me that Johnny doesn't look as well as he used to."

These conversations are so common that you can hear thousands of them in every city of this unhappy world. The telephone wires between young married couples and the houses of their parents ought to be cut.

In the third year of her marriage the young wife committed suicide.

No one was unhappier about it than the mother. "To think that this had to happen to my Johnny! Such a fine man . . . and such a perfect husband. Did you see the fur he gave her for Christmas? . . . To think that she had to do this to my boy. How he suffers! But now I must do everything I can to brighten his life again . . ." After a short interlude Johnny was once more single.

That is fate's revenge for patricide. A son should not interfere with his parents' marriage and push his father aside. He should not make up to his mother for the things which marriage to his father has not given her.

The Oedipus in America

The Oedipus complex works with women, too.

Years ago I became acquainted with the family of a musician, an old man at the end of his life. His two daughters worshipped him as though he were a god. In his home you felt as though you were in a hero's mausoleum instead of the house of a living man.

The daughters had already prepared museum cases, and reverently preserved every sheet of their father's notes. The world did not recognize

their father's works. Quite rightly. They were typically decadent music. But the daughters believed with rock-like faith in their father.

Of course, they remained single. Marriage had no place in their lives. From childhood on their sexuality was sublimated to the adoration of their sire. While they were still in school they were already condemned to become old maids.

Once your attention has been called to the situation (and that was the purpose of these examples) it will be easy for you to recognize similar cases among people you know. Each case is different: in one it is the father, in another the mother; here a son and there a daughter; one case is clear and evident, another confused and only to be guessed at; one is tragic, another comic.

How many families live under the Oedipus formula? The U. S. Army has made known the frightening fact that of the young men rejected for military service during World War II, 1,875,000 were psychoneurotics, and of those who were accepted another 600,000 had to be sent back because they were psychoneurotic. Two and a half million psychoneuroses among the youth of the United States between the ages of 20 and 25!

For the psychoneurosis of American youth the army adopted Philip Wylie's famous word, *momism*. It is not yet in Webster's, at least not in the 1944 edition. But you will probably find it in the 1954 edition, and it may be defined as "a widespread hereditary U. S. disease, for which the nation is paying in general immaturity."

War is a pitiless disaster, like the sinking of a ship. Both reveal, with unsparring truth, a man's real instincts under the weak veneer of civilization. War disclosed an unexpectedly wide distribution of the Oedipus complex in the families of the United States.

You hear nothing about the American father. He is pushed aside, "murdered." You hear only of sons and mothers.

In the Name of Hygiene

No sooner had the decisive victories been won than hysteria, "the cry of the womb," rose up throughout the U. S. The chorus of mothers sounded in unison, like the lament in a Greek tragedy: "Bring the boys back!"

The very expression "boy" for a man whose beard is already growing is "psychoneurotic." The military leaders then had to fight, not the defeated enemy, but the aroused mothers.

The army that won victory after victory at the front had to surrender back at home. History was treated to the unusual spectacle of a victorious army breaking up in haste, against the will of its leaders. It melted away, not because of defeats, but because of mother love.

Where were the fathers? Where were the fathers' protests? Nothing was heard from the fathers. They have been pushed aside.

The first experience nature grants to man is his mother's breast. It is a pleasure that extends over a number of months and is one of the deepest necessities of life. As Freud has shown, it is crucial in the child's development.

The newborn baby comes into the world with two elemental needs, warmth and food, and with two deadly enemies, cold and hunger. That is why it is born with two instincts: the urge to cling to its mother and the instinct (that is, the innate ability) to seek and nurse at its mother's breast.

The human female never loves so much in her life as she does during the weeks after the birth of a child.

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RONA ANDERSON
Somebody Wrote From Canada But Did Not Sign His Name



Of the seven top names on the midsummer rising-popularity list, Cecil Parker, the lady's Colonel in Somerset Maugham's *QUARTET*, continues to lead the parade.

But the fan mail arriving for the above young lady, co-starred in *FLOODTIDE*, is already impressive.

★ ★ ★

One unsigned gentleman has now written three times insisting that he has met Rona Anderson and that she lives in Canada. He could be both right and wrong. Her home is Edinburgh. She was here on a wartime schoolgirl evacuee.

★ ★ ★

On the subject of *THE BAD LORD BYRON*, correspondents are much more argumentative and much less unanimous. The mail is beginning to read like the early days of *THE WICKED LADY*.

★ ★ ★

Dennis Price plays the romantic poet-adventurer; Mai Zetterling and Joan Greenwood, two of the ladies in his turbulent life.

★ ★ ★

Byron's story continues to be as controversial as his life was unconventional. Producer Sydney Box, who likes dramatic authenticity, considered the Byronic career ill-suited either to whitewash treatment or sugar-coating.

★ ★ ★

In film form, the Byron story touches on the poet's habit of getting his romances and his adventures inseparably entangled in England, Italy and Greece.

★ ★ ★

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films, ask for the playbills at your local Theatre.

An  Release

She is never so beautiful as when she is holding the nursing babe to her breast. That is why the great masters have painted women as "madonnas."

In order that the mother may patiently accept the child's tyranny and not grow weary of it, the suckling at her breast gives her a pleasurable sensation; and thus both enjoy each other. During these nine months, when the mother and child live together in the utmost intimacy and mutual enjoyment, both react to instincts deeply implanted in them by nature. In the child it is the first phase of sexual experience; in the mother an animal instinct for protecting, feeding and mothering.

In the name of so-called hygienic progress many mothers and infants were robbed of this important phase in their lives. Instead of lying on his mother's breast and being allowed to nurse like a little animal (which is the privilege of the mammal, painfully acquired through a long period of evolution, such a child had a sterilized rubber stopper pushed into his mouth—the first gift of civilization.

Instead of enjoying his mother's milk (a unique and irreplaceable product of his mother's body, related to him by blood and especially suited to his needs, a living fluid laden with mysterious powers), he had poured into him a solution put together by chemists, a "formula."

And the mother, instead of happily holding her baby, lay in a hospital bed, her bosom bound, sipping purgatives and belladonna pills "to take the swelling out of her breasts"—as though there could be anything more beautiful for a young mother than the swelling and flowing of her breasts.

Today there are few madonnas; in another 1,500 years there may be no women with breasts. While their children are fed, measured, and weighed by sterile apparatus under germicide lamps in scientific institutions, the women can sit at their adding machines and behind the bars of their ticket windows, no longer hampered by frontal curves, with one less drawback in their competition with men.

In both mother and child the unsatisfied instinct raises a cry, a lament for the "lost paradise." Unsatisfied instincts are the source of neuroses.

The child's sexual development is hampered by the repression of the first phase (which is a very essential one, according to Freud), and he is in danger of remaining infantile. The basis is laid for that immaturity in young men which is so widely spread and so generally deplored.

And a feeling of guilt wells up to the mother, although she is unconscious of it and will deny it emphatically. A decade later, when in the course of nature she should be leaving the boy, she seeks to appease this sense of guilt by subjecting him to tardy and overemphasized mothering.

The sterile rubber nipple—that inferior imitation of a genuine nipple with which civilization first deceives the newborn child—is symbolic of the life before him.

It is the first of countless "substitutes" with which civilization pacifies the 20th-century citizen of the earth, in the name of progress, hygiene, morality and other high-sounding phrases, instead of satisfying his needs in a natural manner. Instead of being placed on a live animal (what a joy to ride and love a donkey or pony!), he is put on a rocking horse of wood and plush. Thus he learns at an early age to deceive himself and others, and to pretend there is life where everyone knows there is none.

Later, instead of experiencing real adventures, he reads "true stories" that

everyone knows are fictions. Instead of loving someone herself the young girl titillates her imagination by reading the "true romances" of a fictional girl.

Modern man is so taken up with business and family affairs that he has little time to adventure. What does he do with this precious leisure? He squanders his scanty free hours by sitting in a darkened theatre following the pretended adventures of paid actors. Instead of making music himself (which requires a long, hard schooling in patience, taste and artistic knowledge), the "profiteer" of civilization shoves a record into a machine.

Instead of walking upon the living floor of the forest and breathing the scent of pine trees he hurtles over the dead pavement of our highways in a metal coffin called the automobile. When he reaches a new city, instead of mingling with the people and enjoying their strangeness, he goes "sight-seeing" in a bus, listening to the chant of a glib professional guide, not daring to think his own thoughts or experience an original sensation, hurrying past each "sight" for the next party is waiting—that is what the descend-

ants of Marco Polo and Sinbad the Sailor call traveling.

"Momism" is a newly coined word. But momism itself is not a new disease, and it is not limited to the U. S. In other times and other lands it has been sporadic, but among Americans it has become epidemic because of the all-powerful and all-leveling influence of mass production—mass production not only of goods but also of ways of living.

Love Them, and Leave Them

The human mother must once more become an animal mother, so that she may again become human. Love them first, and then leave them (leaving does not mean to cease loving).

When your child is a baby be as animal as nature will let you. Like the lioness, allow no one, not even the doctors, to tear the child from your breasts. Be an animal, be a mammal. The honorable name of your race comes from "mamma," the mother's breast, and you have no right to be called "mom" if you have not been a real mom, nursing your child naturally.

Live out your mother love to the

Continued on page 46

CANADIANECDOTE



The Premier Forgot Himself

MY GRANDFATHER, F. G. Marchand (Premier of Quebec 1897-1900), was extremely absent-minded.

There was the time he came home from lunch, walked through the open front door into the living room and sat down and began to read his newspaper. When his neighbor came into the room Mr. Marchand asked him to take a seat and the two men chatted for a few minutes. Anxious for his lunch and just slightly impatient that his neighbor did not come to the point of his visit, Mr. Marchand attempted to move things along by offering him a glass of wine. It was only when he rose to get the wine and the neighbor's jaw sagged completely with astonishment that Mr. Marchand realized he had entered the house next door to his own.

He once read a list of prospective cabinet members for the Quebec Government to his family. It had been a difficult task

with too many eligible men and not enough portfolios, but he was pleased with his choice. It was not until his son-in-law, Raoul Dandurand, laughed that the premier realized he had not assigned a portfolio to himself.

During an election a cousin had bitterly opposed Mr. Marchand, attacking him in speeches that leaned heavily on personal invective.

On Christmas Day Mr. Marchand, in the course of his calls, went to see the cousin and spent considerable time at his house.

"Well," he told his family, "I saw everyone I wanted to see and had a very nice visit with cousin X."

"You mean you went to see him after what he said about you in the elections?" Mrs. Marchand asked.

Mr. Marchand grew thoughtful. "H'm. Perhaps that's why he looked puzzled and a little embarrassed when I walked in."

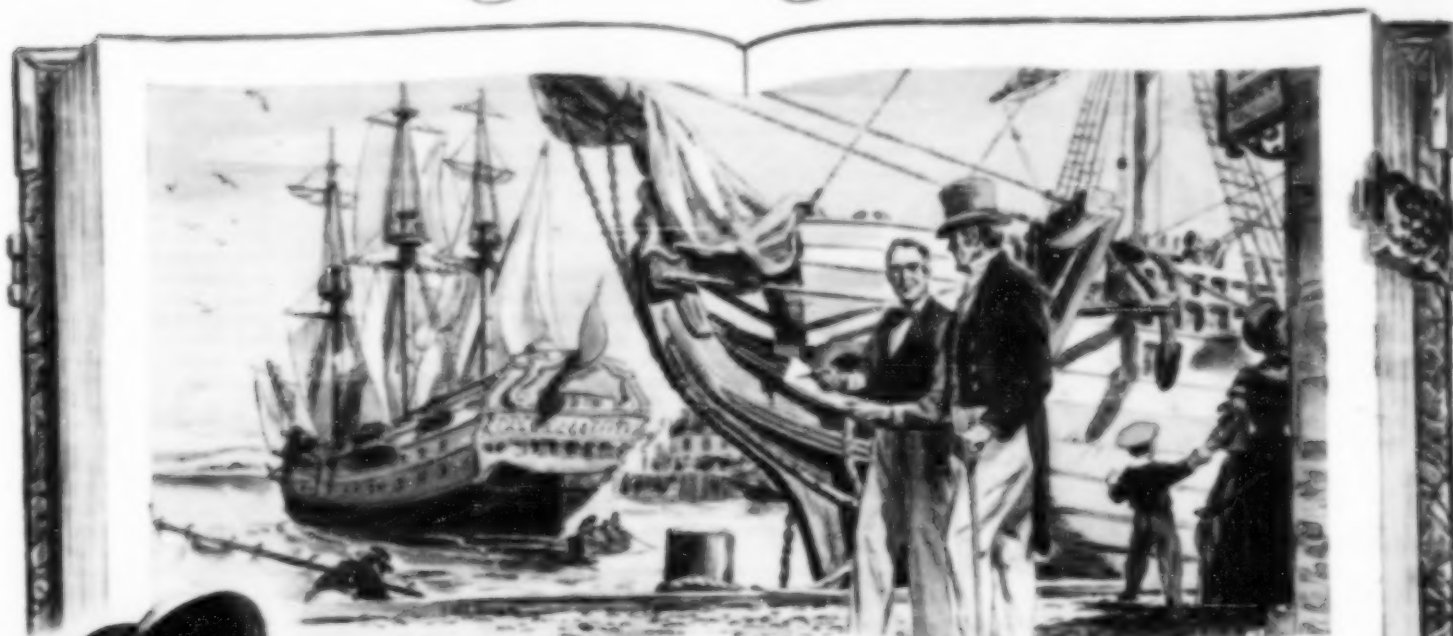
—Helene Grenier.

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His second son James Colledge, ship-builder and farmer became leader of a coalition government at Ottawa in 1870. James' son Percy William Thomas was a pioneer settler in Regina in 1882, founding a lumber business. He returned to Charlottetown in 1885 as Assistant Receiver General. Truly a distinguished Canadian family.

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Continued from page 44

full during this first and most beautiful period of motherhood. I have seen women weep because they could no longer feed their children.

Then, when your child has grown up and wants to leave you, you will not cry after him with unsatisfied passion and buried guilt, in your hysteria appearing as the caricature of a mother, instead of the divine madonna.

It is a painful operation to separate yourself from your child. It is not a day of pure happiness for the mother when "her boy" goes away to boarding school or college and his bed remains undisturbed in the evening and quiet reigns in the house next morning. The father does not experience unalloyed joy when "his girl" stands before the altar on her bridegroom's arm. Behind his mask of happiness he suffers.

Like everything else, children must be loved at the right time and in the right manner, and the love must ripen as the child matures. You should not hold a boy in your arms as if he were a baby, or feed a grown man as if he were a schoolboy.

Above all, we must learn that parents exist for their children, not children for

their parents. The pleasure of conceiving a child gives one no right of possession. The child comes into the world as a son or daughter, but being a son or daughter is merely a passing phase, not a life duty.

Sons should be brought up to be not good sons but good citizens, for the good son may be a bad citizen but the good citizen will never be an unsuccessful son. The daughter should be not a good child to her mother but a good mother to her children. She should be brought up to love not her father but her future husband.

Send Them into the World

Children are not born to be the playthings of mothers and aunts when they are babies, "the pride of their families" when they are in school, and later "the support of their aged parents." (How strange that our social order ties this economic ballast to the feet of children!) No, children are born to live, to live their own lives, and parents exist for the sole purpose of helping them achieve their own lives.

In bringing them up the aim should be not to nurture Oedipus complexes

by too much love, but to discourage them; not to demand dependence on the home, but just the opposite. If the family connection becomes too strong break it—so that the daughter who depends too much on her father will not remain with him, single, and so that sons will not long for their mother's cooking, but for the experiences the world has to offer them.

The "momists" of the last war sat around in the evening writing long letters to their mothers about how good the cookies tasted, and how well the knitted slippers fit. Instead they should have been discussing the "iron curtain" with their comrades, or preaching philosophy as descendants of a great past and promoters of a new and free future. Those would have been occupations and attitudes worthy of grown men, and the mothers should have been content with a short postcard. You lose nothing if you give.

It is a greater joy to the mother, as well as to others, to have a hero out in the world rather than a psycho-neurotic at home by the hearth.

It is better for children to neglect their parents for life than to neglect life for their parents. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 44

the important opening weeks of the campaign. He apparently put no restrictions on the activities of his followers, but he seems to have given little positive direction to them.

Finally, the backlash of the Asbestos strike bothered the Union Nationale machine. In three or four years' time, when Mr. Duplessis has to face the voters on his own account, Asbestos may be forgotten. But during the campaign the issue was red-hot and the Roman Catholic Church was openly aligned against the Duplessis Government.

Early in the campaign Tancred Labbé, Minister without Portfolio in the Duplessis Government, was re-elected Mayor of Thetford Mines (an asbestos mining town) right in the middle of the strike. Strikers explain that in the municipal election, only paid-up taxpayers had a vote. Two thirds of the strikers, they said, owed something on their taxes and were unable to vote against the Duplessis candidate.

One of the major sources of victory in Newfoundland, for the Confederates last year and for the Liberals last month, was the Family Allowance Act, better known as the baby bonus. Premier Joe Smallwood, they say, campaigned for Confederation in many

an outpost by asking the local postmistress, "How many cheques come into your post office each month?"

"Maybe eight or 10," she would say. "After Confederation there'll be 297 (or 402, or whatever) cheques coming into this village every month." Joe would say, and then hop into his seaplane and fly off.

Some Newfoundlanders were so impressed that on the day after the referendum they went to the post-office to get their baby bonus cheques. With that kind of anticipation built up it was necessary to get the family allowance machinery working smoothly—and soon.

Months before the Act of Union came into effect officials of the Health and Welfare Department were in St. John's setting up their organization.

In January, eight people from the Maritime division of Health and Welfare went over to recruit a Newfoundland staff. They hired about 24 people for the central office in St. John's, who processed the applications from Newfoundland's 45,000 families. The first accounts were made up and cheques issued from Halifax, but now the whole operation is carried out in Newfoundland by Newfoundlanders.

Newfoundland, with 122,000 children, has the highest average number per family in all Canada—2.71, even higher than Quebec's 2.67. Family allowance payments in the new province are \$763,856 a month.

Old-age pension administration had a similar job to do. Newfoundland

had had its own pension scheme, but it was payable only at age 75 and based on a much tougher means test. At March 31 there were only 3,000 pensioners, plus 1,300 wives. It's estimated that when the Canadian pension scheme gets into full operation there Newfoundland will have 10,000 pensioners of 70 years and over, plus 700 drawing pensions for the blind.

Pensioners will see quite a difference in their income. The Newfoundland rate was \$6 a month for a single man, \$10 for a couple. The Canadian rate has been \$30 a month each.

In nine provinces this rate is now increased to \$40, if the province wishes to take advantage of new federal legislation. However, Newfoundland won't enjoy the new rate until its own Legislature can meet to pass a new law, accepting its one-quarter share of the \$40 rate.

Unemployment insurance is the other major item of social legislation by which Newfoundlanders now benefit. Under the terms of union Ottawa looks after unemployment assistance until the regular insurance scheme can get under way. The Unemployment Insurance Commission opened offices in St. John's, Corner Brook and Grand Falls, and they had 3,000 applicants within the first 10 days. How many of these will be insurable (most of them were seasonally unemployed fishermen) remains to be seen—meanwhile they, like anyone out of a job, are entitled to assistance at unemployment insurance rates. ★

I Was an Amateur Magistrate

Continued from page 7

have not been without handicaps. I had to keep one son in a mental institution for 20 years until he died. My other son is crippled with spinal curvature. Six years ago a severe three-month illness finished the crippling job on my legs and left me with arthritis. Yet I could still drive a car and get about with help, and I kept at my job and kept up my interest in sports. I sometimes adjourned court early to drive 100 miles to see a ball game.

When I was appointed Magistrate I

didn't even know much about what a magistrate does, but I had to learn fast. A magistrate handles only criminal cases. They fall into three categories: minor, more serious and most serious.

In minor cases, such as traffic violations and intoxication, he has complete jurisdiction and, with the consent of the accused, he has the same power to deal with the more serious cases like robbery and assault. He has no judicial powers in the most serious cases, such as murder, but a preliminary enquiry is held before him and he can either commit the accused to stand trial before a higher court or dismiss the case.

As a magistrate my most unpleasant moments were when I had to send people, some of them lifelong friends,

to prison. I fined a lot of friends too. Sometimes one of them would plead that it shamed him to be fined. I used to say, "Heck! Getting fined is nothing to be ashamed of. I've been fined myself." I did it myself too—fined myself \$1 plus \$2 costs once for over-parking.

Thousands of persons appeared before me charged with every imaginable offense from murder and wife-beating to parking beside a fire hydrant. I always tried to help them; to correct, not punish.

I think that my earlier experience with people in business and public life gave me an insight into human nature and human weaknesses which was a help to me on the bench. Also, my own years of physical suffering gave me

compassion for other people in trouble.

In my first eight years as a magistrate I gradually took over the territories and duties formerly covered by five magistrates in the three counties of Leeds, Grenville and Dundas, and the Hepburn Government promoted me to Chief Magistrate of District No. 11. With three counties to cover I was sort of traveling magistrate, sitting on cases in scores of villages and towns. I held court in some queer courtrooms—in libraries, theatres, schoolrooms, dance halls and barns.

One winter I arrived at the library in Morrisburg to find the janitor had neglected to turn on the heat, so I held court in the street, sitting at the wheel of my car. The spectators sat on the library steps while I sentenced a man for robbery.

Another time when traveling between courtrooms with the crown prosecutor and my court clerk, I came on an accident on the highway. An American tourist admitted he was guilty of careless driving, so I held court on the spot and fined him \$7.

Because of my infirmity I was sometimes confined to the house and on such occasions held court in my living room.

Once a bad attack of neuritis kept me in bed for three months, but I held court just the same—in my bedroom. I presided in a nightshirt, sitting up in bed, with the Crown on one side of the bed and the defense on the other. The court clerk sat on the foot of the bed. I seem to recall that most of the cases I dealt with in my bedroom were family squabbles and that most of them were settled happily. I think the homey atmosphere of my "courtroom" probably had a lot to do with it.

I guess I was Canada's most informal magistrate, though I never, as some people hinted, took my fines out of an old Eaton's catalogue.

A Scolding From the Clerk

Most of the people who appeared before me I called by their first names, and most of them called me George instead of Your Honor—and that's the way I wanted it.

Sometimes my secretary, Mrs. Ethel Cork, who was also court clerk, court stenographer and a Justice of the Peace, criticized me.

"George," she would scold, "you're an old fraud. I'm sure you don't listen to the lawyers when they're quoting from lawbooks and referring to past cases. You just sit there looking at the ceiling or gazing out the window. You're probably thinking about fishing or making up undignified poems about the Crown Prosecutor. I bet you make-up your mind about a case before the lawyers start talking."

Actually, I usually enjoyed the clever work of the learned gentlemen of the bar. I'm a good listener. However, I never cared for the fussy ones who kept objecting and things like that. I've found the best pleaders don't waste words.

In one case at Morrisburg a long-winded lawyer kept getting his argument hopelessly tied up. Mrs. Cork was laughing behind her handkerchief. I was enjoying it too, but not showing it. I'm a great one for the internal laugh. At last the lawyer paused.

"Your Honor," he said wrathfully, "I have just one question to ask you. Why is the court clerk laughing?"

"Well now, Horace," I smiled, "I guess it's because Ethel has a sense of humor."

One of the kindest things the lawyers called me behind my back was "The Machievous Magistrate." I didn't mind. I guess I was a bit of an old devil at that.

My courtroom procedure was, I

admit, far from orthodox. At times I'm afraid I was the despair of the Crown Attorney. I always remembered the advice of kindly old Judge Edmund J. Reynolds, who swore me in as a Magistrate. All he said was, "George, don't worry; never be hasty; give your decisions; don't give too many reasons and you'll be all right."

I used to make it a practice to keep in personal touch with persons I dealt with leniently or granted suspended sentence, because I felt it stiffened weak morale, lessened any tendency to slip. Take the case of Sam, a friend of my youth.

He's Brockville's Dorothy Dix

Sam, a veteran of World War I, gradually became one of the most hopeless alcoholics I have ever known. Every Monday morning, when the habitual parade of Alcoholics Anonymous trooped in, Sam was sure to be there. At last he took to drinking anything from rubbing alcohol and hair tonic up, and begging on the street. Finally, a three months' sentence and some plain talk.

To soften the jolt I ended on a light note. "I'm sort of counting on you to be one of my pallbearers, Sam, and I hope you won't let me down."

"Don't worry, George," he said contritely, "I'll be there."

After he was released I got him a job and visited his home periodically. All went well for six years.

Then one morning he again faced me in court, shamed and humble. "Well, Sam," I said without reproach, "I guess everyone's entitled to a slip. Come on, I'll drive you home." Sam has never had a drink since.

I often had to send personal friends, business or professional acquaintances to jail for drunkenness or driving while intoxicated. Once many years ago I had to give my son's doctor seven days. It was an unpleasant duty, but my experience has convinced me that excessive drinking is the direct cause of fully 75% of all crimes and offenses.

Three years ago, for instance, a man was brought before me and charged with a very serious case of wife-beating. Excessive drinking was the background. I was reluctant to send him to jail because it would have meant a serious family situation. There were 10 children and a worried wife begged for leniency for her erring husband.

The man was guilty, but I gave him a suspended sentence of two years under strict conditions. He had to sign the pledge in the presence of his wife and the parish priest. I visited their home in the country and arranged for the priest to send me periodic reports.

The next summer I went to see them again. The man was happy, hard-working and the house had been painted. A radiant housewife brought out a new baby boy.

Over the years I have become a sort of unofficial consultant on family difficulties. Even today worried people still come to my home for a private interview. No matter at what hour they come I always receive them. Usually the trouble is solved before they leave.

My experience has taught me this: keep them from airing family problems in public and you may avoid the breakup of a family. Like crimes and other offenses, many family difficulties stem from overindulgence in alcohol. The liquor question is our greatest unsolved social problem.

Five years after I was appointed Magistrate I was commissioned as Judge of the Juvenile Court.

I have found that the so-called juvenile delinquency is usually a reflex of something lacking in the home life or

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PISTON RINGS

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training. The parents, not the youngsters, are the real delinquents. I like the movies, but I am critical of those that dish up gangsters, drinking, murder and sex to juveniles. I like the funnies, but I am critical of those so-called comics that feed the same lurid slush, the same tragedy and the impossible achievements of super-human beings and visionary characters like Superman to children.

I always handled juvenile offenders differently and more carefully in some ways than adults. I donned the cloak of formality sometimes and gave them a good scare. I told them what a terrible place the training school was and intimated that I was going to send them there, then almost invariably gave them a suspended sentence.

Once I was doing such a good job of scaring a young rascal that the Crown Prosecutor thought that I was really going to send him to jail. He nudged me and hissed in my ear, "Heh, George! Suspend sentence!"

One time a bunch of young scoundrels appeared before me charged with raiding an apple orchard. It reminded me of my boyhood. I sentenced them to eat apples. They ate until they couldn't look at another one. I think it cured them.

"I'd Recite a Verse or Two"

The walls of the courtroom in Brockville's ancient and musty City Hall are graced with the provincial coat of arms, faded portraits of my two predecessors (Joe "Dollar and Cents" Deacon, K.C., and James Albert Page, B.A.), a yellowed "No Smoking in this Area" sign, and two curling commercial calendars. I used to hold court there three mornings a week and travel the counties the rest of the time.

I never wore robes, only a plain business suit. Once, when Senator Roebuck was Attorney-General under Premier Hepburn, he issued orders that all magistrates wear morning clothes. The thought of a cutaway coat and striped trousers frightened me. Luckily the order was never enforced. I think all that dressing up just scares people.

I always insisted that witnesses be comfortably seated before questioning. I remember once asking a witness why he looked so uncomfortable.

"It's these new shoes, George," he said, "they're hurting my corns."

"Well, Mert," I told him, "just take them off and make yourself comfortable and we'll get back to this case."

At Westport I used to hold court in the hall over the fire station. It was usually used for entertainments and dances and the magistrate's desk was on the stage. Once I arrived to try a criminal case and found the hall packed. I had no sooner got seated than I received a call that the Crown Prosecutor and the police would be delayed two hours. I told the crowd that they could go ahead and smoke and suggested that we pass the time with some entertainment.

A mouth organ player, a couple of cowboy singers and a pianist volunteered. Then I gave a talk on humor, told all my jokes, recited "If" and then some of my own poetry. I've been scribbling poetry all my life. The local papers have printed it and a collection, "Life Lines," was published in three editions for the benefit of the Red Cross and the Canadian Legion. I used to like to recite a verse or two to the courtroom once in a while.

At Christmas I always brought the prisoners out of the police cells and asked them what they'd like to do. Last year we had three—a man who had served seven days of a three months' sentence on a liquor charge; a soldier waiting trial for attempting

to steal a car; and a man who had stolen the Christmas presents of a poor family.

The first prisoner said he'd like to be out in the country for Christmas so I released him. The soldier admitted his guilt but said he had been drunk. He wanted to go home. I released him on suspended sentence of one year. But the man who had stolen the Christmas presents got no mercy. He stayed in jail.

Mrs. Cork, my girl Friday, wasn't the only one who thought I was a queer magistrate. The lawyers did too. I don't think they approved of me too much, especially when I relaxed the rules of evidence or protected a witness from vicious cross-examination. I got in bad with the lawyers soon after I was appointed.

One day I idly opened the Bible on my desk. By an odd quirk of fate, Luke 11, 46 jumped out of the page at me. I read to the Crown Prosecutor: "And he said, Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! for ye load men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers."

After that I kept the page marked and often used it to deflate a particularly pompous gentleman of the bar.

I was often criticized for leniency and

for my addiction to suspended sentences. But I think it is better to err on the side of leniency. I often gave a suspended sentence because I think that it's worth a try if it might mean a new life for someone.

Take the case of Louis, a young 18-year-old Italian from Montreal, who appeared before me several years ago. He pleaded guilty to breaking and entering. The Crown naturally recommended a stiff term. I gave him a man-to-man talk, placed him under suspended sentence and returned him to his parents' home.

Sensational Case of Eva

I kept a record of his address and sent greetings at Christmas time. Each successive yuletide Louis sent me a card with cheerful and encouraging news. Then there was a lapse of time. Louis was overseas. Two years ago came a long, heart-warming letter. Louis had a home, a wife and a baby. He was happy and prosperous.

"What would have happened to me, how would I have turned out, if you had sent me to prison instead of home?" he wrote.

The local newspaper, the Recorder and Times, has often criticized my judgments. Editor Dick Morgan is a

lifelong personal friend, and a lifelong political opponent—he is a Whig, I'm a Tory.

A few years ago the paper howled when I dismissed the charges against a man accused of a morals offense against a young girl. The stiffest sentence I ever meted out—seven years hard labor and 10 lashes—was given to a church janitor who had carnal knowledge of young girls. But this case was entirely different. The man had been drinking, had given candy to the girl because he honestly liked kids, and had sat on a doorstep in plain view with her on his knee.

The whole time he was under the observation of a police sergeant. He was a respectable married man. Nothing had happened, but an evil-minded old busybody had seen them and phoned in a complaint. I would have liked to have got that trouble-maker into court. She stirred up half the town against the poor fellow.

Another time not only the local paper but papers all across Canada criticized me. One Toronto newspaper began its story: "Down in Brockville you can kill a man and get off with a fine." Eva, the domestic servant of a wealthy and influential Brockville family, had driven around a corner one wet night, run over a man and kept on going. At first there appeared to be no witnesses to the death. The coroner diagnosed the death as due to "natural causes" and the man was buried.

Then a man brought his young daughter to the police. She had seen the accident, taken Eva's license number, but her father had not believed her at first. The body of the man who had been run over was exhumed but it was too late to find out much.

At Eva's trial other witnesses came forward. They testified that the man had been drinking and was already lying in the road when the car ran over him.

It seemed to me that Eva's only mistake was that she had got scared and had run away and kept quiet, which was perhaps a natural reaction. So I fined her \$100 and costs.

It was rumored that politics played a part behind the scenes in the Eva case, but that is not true. However, I do know that interference of local politicians in police matters is common in the smaller towns and villages.

One day a man came in to enquire about a case and asked me where the magistrate was.

"You're talking to him," I said.

"Heck," he said, "you don't look like a magistrate!" I guess I never did. I am a short, thin man with bushy white eyebrows and white, tufted hair thinning on top. I should look like a magistrate.

The late Hon. George P. Graham once wrote that I resembled Sir Wilfrid Laurier. I got quite excited about it and took to wearing only maroon ties (I have 40 like Laurier. I also wear a pince-nez. I always sign everything in green ink and use a big, 40-year-old orange-colored Waterman).

When my retirement was announced, hundreds of letters poured in from all over the country, and are still coming in. Some asked me what I was going to do now. To those I replied, "Going fishing at Devil Lake for six months."

One old friend wrote: "Dear George, when I read you were going to retire I thought, 'There is the bird who took me out of circulation for seven days. Let him retire and spend his first seven days at the local and county hotel. Then perhaps he'll enjoy his holiday.' Seriously, George, I do hope you have ahead of you many more years of happiness and fun."

At 75? Why not? There's lots of fun left in the old dog yet. ★

TAKE A NUMBER

Maclean's Quiz by Jack Coskery

IF YOU WERE in the Services you learned to do it by numbers. You dance by numbers. Your house is such-and-such a number in your street. Probably numbers play some part in every hour of your life. Here's a chance to find out if numbers stay in your head. More than 37 correct gets you an honors pass.

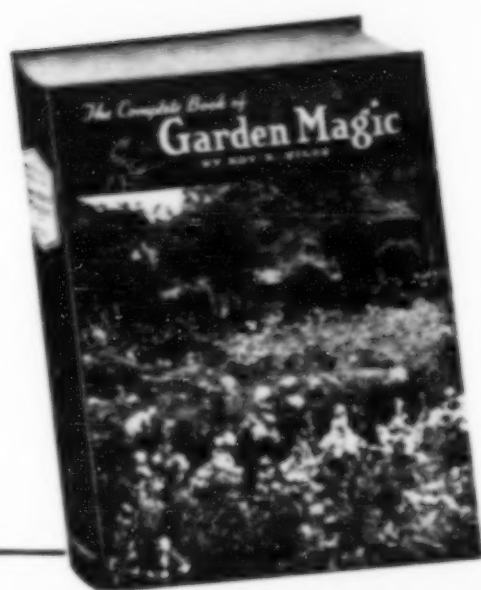
HOW MANY:

1. Degrees in a circle?
2. Hills was Rome built on?
3. Black squares on a checkerboard?
4. Signs in the Zodiac?
5. Feet in a fathom?
6. Years in a decade?
7. Stories in the Decameron?
8. Apostles were there?
9. Scruples in a dram?
10. Wives had Bluebeard?
11. Pounds in a long ton?
12. Crosses on the Union Jack?
13. Lines in a sonnet?
14. Miles in a League?
15. Points on a compass?
16. Jinn were slaves to Aladdin?
17. Cards in a deck?
18. Members of the House of Commons?
19. Harrels in a hogshead?
20. Bits in a dollar?
21. Players on a cricket team?
22. Tribes of Israel were there?
23. Nights did the Arabian Tales last?
24. Eyes had Argus?
25. Valves on a cornet?
26. Days in a week of Sundays?
27. Legs on a spider?
28. Minutes in a degree?
29. Psalms are there?
30. Thieves did Ali Baba discover?
31. Solar days in a lunar day?
32. Members of the Supreme Court?
33. Fates were there?
34. Crusades were made against the Moslems?
35. Eyes has a Cyclops?
36. Hours in a dogwatch?
37. Lines in a rondel?
38. Pieces of silver bought Joseph?
39. Sheets in a perfect room?
40. Provinces in the Prairies?
41. Blackbirds were in the King's pie?
42. Yards in a furlong?
43. Steps per minute in quick-time?
44. Wise Men of Greece were there?
45. Inches in a span?
46. Times is the denomination repeated on a \$1 bill?
47. Wives had Henry VIII?
48. Fathers of Confederation?
49. Fiddlers had King Cole?
50. Years did the One Horse Shay last?



Answers on page 50.

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PLANTING, TRANSPLANTING AND PRUNING: When to plant and transplant; Best way to plant; Root pruning; Techniques.
BEDDERS: Kinds of borders; Use of borders; How to plant; Preparation; Planting and watering; 7 lists of plants.
THE FLOWER GARDEN: How to arrange; Planting plan; Preparation; How to make; Water; Preparation; Personal borders; Plants; Annual flower plant lists; Single, double, etc.; What to plant for garden color; 20 lists of plants for the garden.
ROSES: Selection; Location; Soil; Planting; Pruning; Control of diseases; Lighting; 7 lists of plants.
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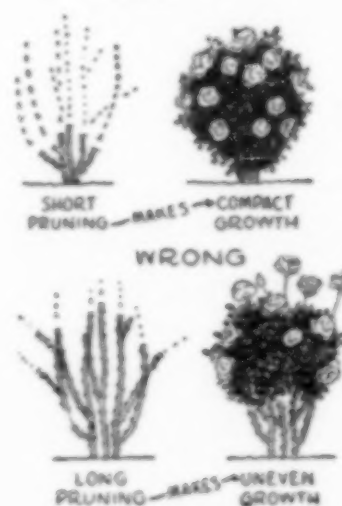
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BOOK WITH CARE

Priests, Pickets and Politics

Continued from page 9

the arrest of 20 strike leaders on conspiracy charges and appointed his special "labor judge" to try them. (He withdrew when the defense obtained a writ of prohibition.) The bishops' intervention was therefore a tacit rebuke, even defiance of the government.

Premier Duplessis accepted it as such. He tried to get the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Antoniutti, to order the archbishops to withdraw (Mgr. Antoniutti gave him no comfort at all). This only deepened the mutual hostility between church and state in Quebec.

Up to now a major element of the Duplessis Government's strength had been its friendly relations with the clergy. This open clash is a political time bomb of incalculable potency. It is no exaggeration to say that the whole Quebec picture—political, social, economic—has been affected by this obscure labor dispute in a remote industrial region.

The dispute itself is obscure even to many who have been taking an active part in it. Here, in bold outline, are the facts:

Canadian Johns-Manville Company, at Asbestos, was the main focus of the strike, but three out of four smaller companies at Thetford Mines, 80 miles to the northeast, were also down. It was recognized by both sides that Johns-Manville was the test case; any settlement there would lead almost automatically to settlement in Thetford Mines.

Even strikers admit that for the past 12 years Johns-Manville has been a fairly good employer; most outsiders would say it has been a good employer. Health conditions are incomparably better at Johns-Manville than anywhere else in the Quebec asbestos industry. Wages have been good, especially in the last year and a half—the company voluntarily boosted its base rate from 58 to 85 cents an hour in January, 1948, and the average hourly rate when the strike broke out last February was \$1.05. The company has a pension scheme, group life, health and accident insurance plans, free X-ray and diagnostic services in an up-to-date clinic, and other benefits.

New Blood in the Union

Prior to 1937, when workers staged a short, bitter strike and ran an unpopular works manager out of town, these good relations did not exist. Wages were low and based on no regular scale—some men say they got as little as 18 cents an hour, and harsh treatment to boot. Among some of the older men the remembered bitterness of the 1930's is still alive.

More recently, though, Johns-Manville's ordinary day-by-day contacts with its workers have been easy and even cordial.

"It's the best mine I ever worked in," a striker who'd had 10 years' experience in other parts of Canada told me. Yet that man had been living on strike pay of \$3 a week for nearly four months. He had no doubt at all that the strike was justified.

"We're fighting for our union," he said. "If we lose this strike the union is smashed, and then we'll have no protection."

Every strike leader, and all but one of the rank and file to whom I spoke in Asbestos, said the same thing in almost identical words. The bishops, too, saw in this strike a battle for the survival of the whole Catholic labor movement—indeed for the labor move-



ment itself. To understand how this came about you have to go back a few years.

Up to 1945 the Catholic Syndicates were a notably docile labor organization. They were more interested in fighting the international unions than in bargaining with employers. Local Syndicates were mostly under the thumb of old-fashioned parish priests with whom the wise employer took care to maintain cordial relations. There was a cynical saying in Quebec:

"Buy a bell for the parish church and you'll never have any labor trouble."

At Asbestos the late Father Castonguay, parish priest for nearly 50 years, was a close friend of Lewis H. Brown, chairman of the board of Canadian Johns-Manville. Mr. Brown kept a Quebec stenographer at New York expressly to translate letters to and from Father Castonguay.

Lay leadership of the Asbestos Syndicate was also friendly. One ex-president of the local is now a foreman. Another, though he remained on strike on grounds of intimidation, was opposed to the walkout from the beginning and speaks of the company with enthusiasm.

The 376 syndicates in Quebec are organized into the Canadian Confederation of Catholic Labor, which has 82,000 members. Up until 1945 the president of the CCLC was Alfred Charpentier, an ardent Duplessis man but not an aggressive unionist. That year Gerard Picard defeated him on a platform of militant action.

This was no mere turnover in union politics. It was a major triumph for the left wing of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec—a group of Catholics lay and clerical, who believe it imperative that the church take more vigorous action for human welfare. They recall the words of Pius XI: "The great scandal of the 19th century was that the church lost the working class." They believe the church must regain that support by taking its place at the working man's side.

The old Syndicate policy, blessed by the church right wing, had been to segregate French-Canadian workers in closed "confessional" groups whose major aim was not better wages and working conditions, but exclusion of alien contamination as represented by the unions affiliated with the AF of L and the CIO. The new policy was to work in friendly co-operation with the international unions, open Syndicate ranks to workers of any faith or language, and concentrate on improving their lot. These left-wing Catholics

(not to be confused with political leftists, which most of them are not) believe that the way to combat Communism is not fulmination, but better service to the worker than Communism can give.

Gerard Picard, leader of the new regime, is not at all the firebrand type. The jet propulsion of the new Syndicate program comes from Jean Marchand, the young secretary of the Confederation.

Marchand graduated in 1942 from Laval's School of Social Sciences, a major source and inspiration of the new spirit among Quebec Roman Catholics, and he has been a labor organizer ever since. Within three weeks of taking his first job he organized a strike of pulp and paper workers. Soft-voiced and genial in private talk, Marchand is a passionate, fiery orator with tremendous power to sway a crowd—more power, it seems, than he sometimes realizes. He was a key figure in the Asbestos strike.

What Caused the Showdown

Asbestos didn't feel the change in Syndicate policy at once. Johns-Manville had bargained amiably for years with its local Syndicate offshoot by its own employees. It was less happy when locals in the Asbestos industry formed their own federation with a full-time president to act as business agent for the locals. Johns-Manville found him a hard bargainer.

Last year relations between company and union deteriorated badly. They deadlocked over a minor grievance and took the matter to arbitration.

The company's arbitrator was Yvan Sabourin, its legal adviser, who is also Quebec organizer for the Progressive Conservatives and a good friend of Premier Duplessis. The Duplessis Government named as chairman of the Arbitration Board a judge who, in the opinion of the union, was too friendly with Mr. Sabourin. When his judgment came down, accepting all the company's contentions and none of the union's, the workers felt the dice had been loaded against them.

Last Christmas Eve negotiation began on a labor contract for 1949. The union demanded a wage increase of 15 cents an hour, nine holidays with full pay, several other benefits of that kind. After the strike broke out the company awarded a 10-cent wage increase and four paid holidays to the nonstriking workers.

"If they'd offered us 10 cents at the bargaining table we'd have settled for it," a union officer said. But according

to the company the union at the time was adamant in all its demands.

In any case, there were other points of dispute. The union wanted the Rand Formula for union security—the compromise by which Supreme Court Justice Ivan C. Rand settled the Ford strike in 1946. It provides that union dues shall be paid by all employees whether they are union members or not. Even had they wanted to, company representatives could not have consented to this. It's a matter of company policy, laid down by the board of directors in New York, to have nothing to do with anything that smacks however faintly of the closed shop.

The union wanted the company to pay three per cent of its gross payroll into a "social welfare fund." The company refused; they already have a broad social insurance program for employees, and they suspected the union of trying to build up a strike fund at their expense. Hon. Antonio Barrette, Quebec Minister of Labor, has since suggested a compromise—joint contributions by company and employees, and joint administration of the fund—which seems to be acceptable to both parties.

The union also asked to be informed in advance of all promotions, transfers or layoffs (other than dismissals for cause) and for the right to make representations in writing on these matters. They have this arrangement with some other companies in Quebec and say it works well in a situation where, owing in part to the presence of two racial groups in the working force, a promotion is often a delicate matter.

Johns-Manville regarded this demand as an unwarranted encroachment on the rights of management. The negotiations came to a deadlock. Early in February the union representative asked for arbitration and the company agreed; both sides named their arbitrators.

Since last year, though, the workers had been suspicious of arbitration—and even though they'd asked for it union leaders shared this suspicion. They wanted, if possible, to get a firm promise from the Quebec Minister of Labor that the chairman would be a man they regarded as fair.

Jean Marchand, the young firebrand of the Labor Confederation, laid the situation before a union mass meeting in a rousing and vehement speech.

Answers to TAKE A NUMBER

(See Quiz on page 48)

1.—360	25.—43
2.—7	27.—8
3.—32	28.—60
4.—12	29.—150
5.—6	30.—40
6.—10	31.—27
7.—100	32.—6
8.—12	33.—2
9.—3	34.—7
10.—7	35.—1
11.—2,240	36.—2
12.—3	37.—14
13.—14	38.—20
14.—3	39.—516
15.—32	40.—3
16.—2	41.—24
17.—52	42.—220
18.—262	43.—128
19.—2	44.—7
20.—8	45.—9
21.—11	46.—56
22.—12	47.—6
23.—1,001	48.—33
24.—100	49.—3
25.—3	50.—100

At the end of it, when the workers were in a state of high excitement, he told them the only course was arbitration.

"No," workers yelled from the floor. "We'll strike right now."

Marchand begged: "Give me 48 hours—even 24 hours—to go to Quebec and see the Minister of Labor." What he wanted was to go to Quebec with what amounted to a strike vote behind him to back his demand for the appointment of an acceptable chairman.

Unfortunately Marchand underestimated his own ability as a demagogue. He had fired the men all too well, and they wouldn't listen to his appeal for delay; they walked out there and then, on a strike which was patently illegal. Union officers had no choice but to go along.

Violence for Violence

At the outset the strike was not disorderly, though there were isolated cases of violence. However, the union did throw up a mass picket line which prevented not only workers but company officials from entering the plant. Maintenance work was carried on under union orders; officials were unable to get in to see that their costly equipment was being properly looked after. The company entered a damage suit for \$300,000, and took out an injunction to stop the picketing. Provincial police were sent in to enforce the injunction.

From then on, for two and a half months, the strike was a masterpiece of order and decorum. Under the guidance of Father Camirand, the strikers paraded daily to church.

But underneath this outward calm tempers were rising high. At the union meetings, one striker said, the men were getting more and more surly, more and more resentful of inaction. They didn't so much mind the 277 old employees of Johns-Manville who returned to work, but when the company hired 234 outsiders from neighboring towns as permanent employees the strikers began to be frightened.

Early in May there was a rumor (groundless, so far as I could find out) that the company intended to hire a lot more strikebreakers and freeze out the strikers for good. Fear and frustration combined in an explosive compound—the strikers threw up road blocks to keep out the invading "scabs," captured a small group of provincial police who had tried to break their way through it, and gave the policemen a bad beating. Of one officer the doctor who patched him up said:

"It's a wonder they didn't kill him."

Next day the police returned in force, bent on revenge. They arrested several hundred men and handed out some rough treatment. Some of the people "questioned" were so badly marked up that they never did have to appear in court—instead they were told to get out of town.

Very unfortunately for the company, which had nothing to do with the tactics of the police, the company-owned Iroquois Hotel and a company-owned nurses' home were used by the provincials as headquarters during the period of violence. This has served to fix indelibly in the minds of the strikers, and to some extent in the minds of the Quebec general public, the idea that the Duplessis Government, the provincial police and the Canadian Johns-Manville Company are all one enemy of the Asbestos worker.

Meanwhile, during April, there had been a development of major importance which got little or no publicity—

the strikers themselves were hardly aware of it. Flunty, the union decided to surrender; they didn't put it quite that way but that was what they meant.

All through the strike Syndicate leaders had no direct contact with the company. To the company and the Duplessis Government the strike was illegal and that was that; let the men go back to work unconditionally, and then they could talk. But early in April Archbishop Roy and Charbonneau returned from a visit to Rome. Both company and union sought their help as intermediaries.

To Archbishop Roy, union leaders said they were ready to ask the men to accept arbitration and go back to work—if they had some assurance that the arbitration chairman would be impartial. They also asked "the customary guarantees" that terminate an unsuccessful strike, namely a promise to re-employ strikers without discrimination, to recertify the union as bargaining agent, and to drop civil and criminal charges arising out of the strike.

The union wanted the "customary guarantees" in writing. When they came to draft that document they found the company had different ideas. It would guarantee re-employment only if "present employees"—i.e., the outsiders hired during the strike—were retained. About 200 strikers would find themselves jobless in Asbestos. Also, the company spokesmen would make no undertaking to drop the \$300,000 damage suit.

Instead, they wanted it written into the agreement that strikers charged with criminal offenses would not be re-employed at present, and those found guilty should not be re-employed at all. The Government seemed to be equally insistent on this qualification. At that time only a few men were involved; since then, charges have

been laid against about 200 men including all the Syndicate leaders.

The two Archbishops had already conceived a lively suspicion of the intentions of the Government and the company toward the labor movement. Premier Duplessis had recently published a new labor bill—not the one which had been very carefully worked out by the joint efforts of unions, syndicates, clergy and the Labor Ministry but a strongly antilabor statute which he appears to have written himself.

The company, for its part, made it clear that the Archbishops were expected to "order the strikers back to work." A full-page advertisement, published by the company about this time, intimated that the Catholic Syndicates had been founded to combat radicalism and that it was the bishops' duty to purge and curb them now. This company statement was deeply resented by the Archbishops, who regarded it as a challenge and a reflection of the church's integrity.

Therefore, when the company and the Government appeared unwilling to offer suitable guarantees of re-employment to the strikers the bishops ordered the appeal for aid from the public.

Right Supports Left

The bishops did not then, and do not now, pass any judgment on the merits of the strike itself. But the offer to go back to work on the same terms as before seemed to them to be reasonable.

Also, Catholic labor leaders told the archbishops frankly that if they were forced to utter capitulation in this strike they were through with the Catholic labor movement. Not only the rank and file, but the leadership as well, would join the CIO.

Archbishops Roy and Charbonneau

are both young men, liberal in their general outlook, opposed to the extreme nationalism and "Chinese Wall" isolation favored by extremists of the Right. (Mgr. Roy was wartime padre of the Royal 22nd Regiment.) Their natural sympathies lay with the workers and with the new Syndicate leadership.

However, in this particular crisis the Catholic Right was also behind the strikers, though for different reasons.

Clergymen of the Right might deplore the new Syndicate leadership and its policy of including Protestants among its members, but they were no more anxious than the Left to see the Catholic labor movement wiped out.

Mr. Antonio Barrette, the Minister of Labor, has been a member of the International Association of Machinists for 32 years; in his eyes, the Syndicates' demand for the Rand Formula was part of a scheme to get a virtual monopoly of Quebec labor. He regarded the Rand union security scheme as "a power of taxation." Premier Duplessis, in the past, has often referred to labor militancy as an attempt to set up "a state within a state." They both appear to have regarded the Asbestos strike as a test of strength with the Catholic unions, one which was bound to come sooner or later and which might as well be fought to a finish now.

Mr. Barrette did offer his services as a mediator twice in the early weeks of the strike, before the company had hired any outsiders or laid any charges. The offer was refused—the union was not yet ready to surrender. By the time the Minister was able to intervene there wasn't much he could do.

As for the company, its distrust of Syndicate leadership was even more profound.

The Strike Generals

Johns-Manville officials believe, quite sincerely, that the strike was organized and carried on by a small group of troublemakers, who intimidated a majority of loyal employees; that the troublemakers were not mere malcontents but sinister revolutionaries from the Social Credit Party of Quebec. Some of these Social Crediters, they further believe, are ex-followers of Adrien Arcand in the Quebec Fascist Party.

It is true that Armand Larivee, president of the local Syndicate, once had some connection with the Arcand party. He denies he was ever an actual member; others recall distinctly that he was a member for a while, but soon dropped out. The RCMP raided his house in 1940, when some other Arcand men were interned, but they found nothing much in Larivee's possession and never bothered him again.

The man the company really dislikes is Rodolphe Hamel, president of the Federation of Asbestos Syndicates, who has been the local Syndicate's representative in bargaining during the past year.

Hamel is a lean, intense man of 56 who worked more than 25 years for Johns-Manville. He wears a wrist watch presented by Johns-Manville with the inscription "In Recognition of 25 Years of Faithful Service"—a company official explained that "those inscriptions are all shills, unfortunately."

Hamel was an original member of the Social Credit Party in Asbestos—and it's true that in Quebec Social Credit is a narrow, fanatical, nationalist group far different from its namesake in Alberta. But Hamel himself declares that, although he still believes in "the principles of Major Douglas," he had



Tee-Time Talk

By Florence Schill

GOLF BALL, perched on divot,

Say, who moves you when I pivot?

I bring my club around with zest,

Admit, you've moved a foot due West.

The arc that I so neatly planned

To meet with ball went all askew,

And those who from veranda craned

Saw nothing but my follow-through.

Lightly set atop a tee,

Golf ball, tell me, who moves thee?



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a falling-out with Louis Even, the Quebec Social Credit leader, about five years ago.

I asked what his politics are now and Hamel gave a wry grin. "The last two elections I voted for Maurice Duplessis," he said. "I was one of those who made that mistake."

Company officials believe that the emotional motive power of the strike is French-Canadian nationalism of a radical, even revolutionary, type; that it's rooted in hatred of the "English," and that the real objective of the Syndicate is to take over management of the plant. I could find little evidence to support this view.

English-speaking Protestants who are members of the Asbestos Syndicate (there are about 20 who stayed with the strikers throughout) say emphatically that they get the fairest and friendliest treatment from the French-speaking Catholic majority. Rodolphe Hamel himself is a former Franco-American who speaks fluent English with a New England accent. Jean Marchand and Gerard Picard, leaders of the central Confederation of Catholic Labor and chief negotiators in the later weeks of the strike, are men who have fought for years for the principle of friendly co-operation with English Canadians generally and the international unions in particular, against the old exclusive policy of "French-Canadian Catholics only."

It's fair to add that in Johns-Manville there isn't as much to aggravate nationalist feeling as there is in some companies. The engineers are mostly English-speaking (French-Canadian engineers are hard to find) but of 188 foremen and subforemen, only 43 are English Canadian and the rest French Canadian. Promotion is not denied to the French-Canadian worker.

At union meetings speakers from time to time did denounce the "foreign ownership" of Johns-Manville. But their resentment against the American bosses seemed to be mainly against them as bosses, not as Americans. And their resentment of the Duplessis Government, which calls itself French-Canadian Nationalist, was even stronger.

Father Camirand, rather than any political group, was the real heart and spiritual power of the strike. A short, dark-skinned man of about 40, nearly bald now and beginning to put on weight, Father Camirand does not look like a crusader. But he speaks with a kind of restrained fire which, even when he is counseling moderation,

gives a strange power to his words. It was he, far more than the bishops, who made the Asbestos strikers feel they were fighting for their religion. As chaplain he has no power over the Syndicate—he is merely an adviser, and Syndicates have often ignored their chaplains' advice. But in this case Father Camirand's support has been a key factor in maintaining the strikers' morale. He had been through one big strike before, when he was chaplain of the Syndicates in Sherbrooke from 1934 to 1939; in Asbestos, where he was posted less than a year ago, he has been on the men's side and completely in their confidence throughout.

The Health Question

Quebec Catholics are far from unanimous in supporting the Asbestos strikers, despite the apparent unity of their bishops. Many a middle-class French Canadian has been gravely disturbed at the violence, the overtone of revolution, that marked the strike; he thinks Duplessis is right to beat it down with a strong hand. Some of the anticlericals, who are more numerous in Quebec than anybody admits, tend to be swung toward Duplessis by the Church's interference at Asbestos.

Other anticlericals, paradoxically enough, are backing the church in this case with great enthusiasm. They supported the strike long before the bishops' intervention, and they still do.

Some of the emotional fire among strike sympathizers is generated by a side issue—the health conditions in the asbestos industry. It can be stated as a fact, after very careful enquiry, that this is not a primary factor in the Johns-Manville strike. Much of what has been written on this topic is grossly misleading and very unfair to Johns-Manville.

Asbestos dust, inhaled over a period of years, does cause a serious lung disease called asbestosis. Asbestosis victims tend to die of heart failure in their middle 60's. Unlike silicosis, with which it is often confused, asbestosis does not predispose to tubercular infection.

There are cases of asbestosis in Quebec—certainly among the 3,400 asbestos workers at Thetford Mines, and probably in the small mine at East Broughton, 27 miles further northeast. But there are no cases of asbestosis among Johns-Manville workers at Asbestos; in 50 years only two cases have been certified as asbestosis.

East Broughton, where dust has killed trees hundreds of yards downwind from the plant, is the only Syndicate-organized mine in the region which did not go on strike.

Johns-Manville, where the strike is focused, has the best health record of any employer in the industry. Only 23 employees have contracted TB in the past 10 years; six of these are cured and back at work, two are dead, two are at home though still active cases, and the rest are in hospital.

Dust control in the Johns-Manville plant looks pretty good—the air looks almost as clear inside the plant as it does in the streets of East Broughton. The company has spent \$1 million on the latest electronic methods of dust precipitation; it admits its equipment has lately been outgrown by increased production, but it intends to enlarge and improve it.

Strikers concede all this. They asked in their labor contract for an undertaking to "eliminate dust by all possible means," but they know it can't be eliminated entirely. They were surprised, they say, at the company's refusal to accept that clause, for they admit quite frankly that all they ask of Johns-Manville is to go on with the dust-control program it has already.

Father Camirand, asked about health and dust conditions in the Asbestos plant, said, "I haven't made much study of that question." Union leaders, in general, were equally uninterested.

Health was not an issue in this strike. The issues were simple enough at the beginning—wages, working conditions, union security.

Only as it wore on, from the deadlock of February to the deadlock of April; only as it grew from a squabble over wages into a fight for survival of the Catholic labor movement, did the broader meaning of Asbestos develop. That's what made it crucial.

What it will mean, in the long run, no one yet can say. Whether the settlement is regarded as a win or a defeat for the Syndicates, it's by no means certain they can survive this long struggle.

Only one thing is clearly apparent: Whatever the long-term results of Asbestos, it has stirred Quebec labor like nothing that's happened in years. For good or ill it has involved the Roman Catholic Church to an unheard-of degree. It may have been the death, it may have been a rebirth of the Catholic Syndicates. In any case the Quebec labor picture will never be quite the same again. ★

Debt Detectives

Continued from page 8

City, Yukon, recently wrote FCA. "I thought I had burned all my bridges behind me when I left Montreal. I am most anxious to keep my present address unknown and will very much appreciate it if you will not disclose it to anyone. I will certainly co-operate in paying my account."

Actually this task called merely for persistency. "That," says Lubotta, "is how Stanley found Livingstone."

Phone calls to friends and relatives of the wanted man produced the first clue: before vanishing he had sold his car. A check with the license bureau uncovered the man who had bought the car. He remembered the skip saying something about having to buy a dog license.

At the dog license bureau FCA was told that the man had mentioned, while buying the dog tag, that he intended to board the hound at a local animal

hospital. FCA called the hospital and there the search ended: an attendant divulged the address in Dawson City.

One effective FCA tracing trick is the personal letter or "Whatever-became-of-old-Bill" wheeze. While FCA keeps out of the picture, an agent writes an innocuous letter to a friend or relative of Bill, the debtor, saying he would like to get in touch with him and where can he be reached? The agent writes on plain stationery and the return address given is the agent's own home address or a postoffice box number. No mention of FCA or unpaid bills is made.

The friend or relative may blab in a return letter that Bill is now living over on Elm Street, or is off to the Riviera for the winter. Obviously, it is not long before an FCA letter is on its way to Elm Street or the Riviera. Chances are Bill will never get to know that he has unwittingly been betrayed by a friend.

Often a debtor surrenders out of sheer exhaustion, as did the Brooklyn

man who wrote: "I have just heard that you are chasing me all over New York and Brooklyn. Your way of collecting is so thorough that when I return to Canada I will call on the bank and pay them what I owe. I am not trying to get away with anything. If you want to pick me up I will be in Times Square at 8 p.m. Thursday, wearing a blue suit and a grey hat." FCA passed up the date, but within a week were cheered to learn that the bank debt had been paid in full.

Some skips are brash enough to dare FCA to meet them on a catch-and-collect basis. A Port Arthur man was traced through several eastern states and, eventually, back to Port Arthur. "So you finally caught up with me," he wrote. "I am leaving here in a couple of days. It's up to you to catch me again. If you do, you collect."

Catching him was one of the softest touches FCA ever had. On the back of the envelope in which he enclosed his dare the skip had absent-mindedly

written a New Jersey home address.

The most frustrating thing that can happen to FCA is to trace a skip or even an ordinary debtor and have the trail end up in jail, which happens more often than they like to remember. FCA once received a 10-page letter from a skip who demanded to know how they mustered the cheek to question his integrity. The letter had been passed by the prison censor.

But the classic reply from a jailbird is still this one from a man in a small Ontario lockup:

"Dear Sir: I could off had you payed up long ago but every time I get some money ahead the Mrs. puts me away for a while & that is where I am right now I got six months to put in. The Mrs. always puts it off by sending you a very small amount and I had a good chance to put this thing to a end I worked about a month when the Mrs. forced me to beat her up a little all she wanted was to live by her self for a while so if I were youse I'd send her the bill she got a little store in the east End of & she gets \$14.00 from the City and \$16.00 from the Kids & the store and while I'm in here I can't do a thing untill I get on my feet again, she won about \$50.00 a month ago and she spent that foolish and still the law falls for her story which is all a lie just to get me in here so this is all I've got to say till I hear from you again."

Eighteen Phone Calls a Night

The long-distance telephone can be highly effective in catching people with their alibis down. A Toronto woman went to Vancouver after sticking a Toronto store for several hundred dollars' worth of clothes, jewelry and other finery. An FCA agent phoned her in Vancouver and was told she'd just left to catch a train for Saskatoon. He had his call transferred to the CNR station and had the woman paged. When she came to the phone she was so overwhelmed she blurted out her Saskatoon address—and a promise to pay. After that FCA kept writing her in Saskatoon until she made her promise good.

FCA traced one dead beat from Toronto to New York, to London, to Bermuda and back to Orillia, 40 miles from Toronto, with a person-to-person call. All it cost was the price of the call from Toronto to Orillia.

The most FCA has ever spent tracing a skip is the \$300 in long-distance calls from 1946 on to catch up with Mr. X, an accountant who embezzled \$18,000 from a firm in a small Ontario town and then hid out in the States. The firm declined to have a criminal charge slapped on him, but commissioned FCA to hunt him.

FCA has haunted him ever since but hasn't a ghost of a chance of collecting. Several times they have caught up with him (once it took 18 phone calls in a single night to do it), but each time they were about to put the bite on him he had a sudden change of address.

"This Mr. X ran off not only with \$18,000 but also with a former Follies girl," says Lubotta. "There is a significant relation between the two—the \$18,000 and the Follies girl, I mean. It is nearly always so with embezzlers and big-time dead beats: money and women troubles go together."

There is more than one embezzler on FCA's books who will go to the grave with a debt millstone still around his neck. One such is a former bank manager who now digs ditches. For the past three years he has been paying \$5 a month in a futile attempt to pay off the \$5,000 which stuck to his fingers.

Swindlers often glide through life and

their bosses' money under the misapprehension that if they're caught with their hand in the till and do time the matter ends there. "How wrong they are," says Lubotta. "In jail they pay their debt to society. But out of jail they still have a debt to pay to whoever they robbed."

When confronted with such grim realities swindlers are sometimes wont to gripe bitterly. "I embezzled \$3,000 and I have served three years," one of them wrote Lubotta. "As my time is worth considerably more than \$1,000 a year, I feel I don't owe anyone a penny. Morally, I'm in the clear."

Another glue-fingered operator who had filched \$120,000 from his employer suggested in a letter to FCA that he pay \$500 and "then let's let bygones be bygones." After considerable negotiation FCA collected \$5,000.

It pains Lubotta to admit it, but one embezzler FCA is hounding at present is himself a collector. This fellow had been employed by a large hospital to collect their overdue accounts. The hospital considered him an excellent collector but found fault with him when it began to prove difficult to collect from him. He had pocketed several thousand dollars of hospital funds before this disconcerting discovery was made.

The excuses people dream up to avoid paying are weird, wonderful and whacky.

Lubotta is still hopelessly intrigued by a letter he received in 1940 from a man who owed \$12.50 for a pair of gloves. "I can't pay," he wrote, "because I bought my brother a fire extinguisher for a wedding present."

The man who is corny enough to plead poverty is considered plodding and unimaginative by Lubotta, but he admits few are as explicit as the chap who wrote: "You are urging me to pay my bill. With what? Bottoms? I am not working. No keep your shirt on!"

Those Charge-Account Wives

Lubotta also considered this an effective letter: "I intend paying as soon as I land a job. In the meantime, you may as well know that everything I ever owned is attached. Both the Dominion and provincial governments are after me, a lawyer is hounding me for my alimony, a dentist is gouging me, a trust company has a judgment against me for rent. In other words, gentlemen, if I knew where there is a dollar I owned I would frame it."

Many a debtor has evolved the startlingly simple economic theory that once a thing has been consumed or worn out it is automatically paid for. A Hamilton woman wrote: "The bill I owe is for a coat I bought three years ago. Why didn't your client get in touch with me before I moved? The coat has since worn out and I don't think it is fair to expect me to pay for it now."

A husband is not legally expected to settle his wife's frivolous debts, but wives are often blamed for their husbands' insolvency—by the husbands, that is.

FCA could paper the walls of all seven of its branch offices with letters similar to this one from a Winnipeg man: "I gave my wife the money to send you. Instead, she spent it on herself, so this puts me once again behind the eight ball."

But not many husbands are as critical as the Quebec man who demanded indignantly: "How do you expect me to pay my debts when my wife lets me down by quitting her job?"

Lubotta winces whenever he gets a letter such as this from a brow-beaten husband: "Enclosed find a cheque for

\$45 in payment of my wife's bill. Please keep it a secret, but tell these people not to sell my wife any more jewelry."

Then there's the Manitoba man who, when tapped for his wife's hospital bill, wrote: "My wife has been dead three years now. Asking me to pay her hospital bill now is like asking a man to pay for a dead horse."

The oldest wheeze in the debt-dodging game is to challenge the bill by claiming the goods or services provided were not satisfactory. "I was kept in the hospital 46 days longer than was necessary as the doctor was away on holiday," was one man's variation on this theme. Another wrote: "Do I really have to pay for the lumber? It was no good, but I can't return it as I used it all in a house I built."

No Collect, no Charge

In Montreal a man stomped into FCA's office, removed his false teeth, plunked them on the counter and stomped out again. His only words were, "They don't fit." He was topped a few months later by a citizen who flung his toupee on the same counter, pointed at it and then at his own hair and exclaimed: "They don't match."

But the record for incredible alibis is still held by a pretty Quebec City girl who owed a \$300 hospital bill. "I would like to pay because they certainly did save my life," she wrote. "But, unfortunately, I can't. I will not say why I can't because you would never believe me if I did."

Intrigued, FCA sent an agent to call on her and he was told this story: When she entered hospital it was expected she would die. She was an orphan and all she possessed in this world was \$500 and a fiancé, who wanted \$500. Her fiancé had persuaded her to consolidate her assets by giving him the \$500. This she did, for, remember, she was going to die. Then the unexpected happened. She lived, regained her health and tried to regain her \$500. "I'm sorry," said her boy friend. "But you were supposed to die. It is not my fault that you didn't. I have spent the \$500." The FCA agent accepted her story—and promptly sent her another bill.

A horde of jilted females is almost constantly beating a path to Lubotta's door, asking FCA to collect large sums they have advanced to men on the flimsy security of a promise of marriage.

In spite of all the chicanery he has encountered in a long career of bill collecting, Joe Lubotta looks kindly upon his fellow humans. "By and large they're an honest lot," he says.

He tells of a Saskatchewan farmer, knocked flat by the depression, who recently paid off a bill he had owed for 15 years. He paid without prodding and voluntarily enclosed interest which amounted to almost double the principal. (A debt is legally outlawed after six years—five in Quebec.)

At 43 Lubotta greets the world with a mile-wide salesman's smile. At 17, while working as an office boy in a real-estate firm, he sold his first house; three years later he picked up an \$8,000 commission by putting over a \$300,000 real-estate deal in Winnipeg.

During World War II he sold several million dollars' worth of Victory Bonds, was dubbed "Million-Dollar Joe."

Though he still calls FCA "my baby," he has branched out into many another business: he is president of a large Toronto auto firm, heads up one of that city's biggest housing developments and has a stake in several mining companies.

FCA and most other bill-collection agencies work on a "no collect, no charge" basis. But they charge either

33½% or 50% of all they do collect. The rate on accounts outstanding up to four years is 33½%. Fifty per cent is charged on accounts more than four years old, on tracing claims and on claims previously handled by other agencies. All medical accounts are collected on a 33½% rate, regardless of age.

The ultimate weapon in the hands of the bill collectors is, of course, the courts. FCA seldom brings the law down on anyone who owes less than \$10 (though it has one doctor client who, as a matter of principle, demands FCA sue to recover anything over \$5). Before taking legal action FCA also investigates a man's ability to pay, because some dead beats are judgment-proof; that is, they have so many judgments against them another won't make any difference and FCA will be stuck with court costs.

FCA works on the theory that there is no sense in throwing good money after bad. Recently they traced a man from Toronto to Calcutta and tried to collect an \$800 garage bill he owed in Toronto. When a firm of Indian lawyers asked for \$300 initial court costs, FCA advised its client, the garage owner, to forget it.

Sometimes FCA makes rewards for good behavior. Some years ago a Montreal man was dunned for an \$800 doctor bill and made arrangements to pay it off at \$5 a month. For nine years he was never a day late with a payment. Impressed, FCA got in touch with the doctor and suggested he forget the balance (\$260) as a goodwill gesture. He did.

The bill collector is, however, not one of society's most beloved characters, and Lubotta is able to work up a pretty fair persecution complex on this score. "We are greatly misunderstood," he contends. "There is some sentiment in our business."

He recalls the time a woman in Northern Ontario wrote pleading that FCA ease up on her because she and her husband and their children had been completely burned out. As proof she sent along a newspaper clipping which told of the neighbors clubbing together to raise a benefit fund for them. In a return letter Lubotta expressed his sympathy, suggested the woman forget the debt until she had recouped her losses—and enclosed a \$25 donation to the neighbors' fund.

Another time Lubotta was visiting his Montreal office when a small, beatup little man loaded down with knapsacks, entered and announced: "I'm ready."

"Ready for what?" asked Lubotta.

"I can't pay and I'm ready for jail," Lubotta staked him to a meal, gave him carfare and sent him home.

So there is some sentiment in the bill-collecting business. ★



WIT AND WISDOM

Relatively Speaking—If there is anything more superficial than friendship which is skin deep, it is forty-second-cousin friendship which is merely kin deep.—*Toronto Star*.

Oh, Yes, It Is!—An Ohio girl married a policeman who arrested her for speeding. Maybe the merry chase isn't over.—*Guelph Mercury*.

It's a Wheeze, Son—A laddie at college named Breeze weighed down by B.A.'s and M.D.'s collapsed from the strain. Said the doctor: "It's plain. You're killing yourself by degrees."—*Sudbury Star*.

Slight Difference in Upkeep, Too—A French auto expert says "American cars are like American women—they all look alike." But no two of the women are alike!—*Orham Citizen*.

Not for Women With Husbands—Shouldn't there be a rear-view mirror for women who wear slacks?—*Calgary Herald*.

Mark You—When a German businessman makes his mark he also makes his marks.—*Toronto Star*.

Poetic Justice—One radio comedian complains of people telling him his own jokes, a case of the tale dogging the wag.—*Brandon Sun*.

Gold in the Pan—The more dishwasher a wedding ring gets into the longer it seems to last.—*Kitchener Record*.

The Erring Herring—At a Quebec hockey game a herring was thrown on the ice, tipping the scales for the home team.—*Toronto Star*.

Daughy Jolk—Limericks are an addiction of youth, but here's one that John o' London couldn't resist printing:
A youngster named Cholmondeley
Calquhoun
Once kept as a pet a babolquhoun.
His mother said, "Cholmondeley,
Do you think it quite colmondeley
To feed your babolquhoun with a
spolquhoun?"—*Toronto Star*.

Professional Pride—A tired cat and an interested cat were watching a game of tennis.
Bored Cat—You seem very interested.

Interested Cat—It's not that, but my old man's in the racket.—*Galt Reporter*.

Just a Stamp—A man who had been waiting patiently in the post-office could not attract the attention

of either of the girls behind the counter.

"The evening cloak," explained one of the girls to her companion, "was a design in gorgeous brocade, with fox fur and wide pagoda sleeves."

At this point the long-suffering customer broke in with: "I wonder if you could provide me with a neat red stamp with a dinky perforated hem, the tout ensemble treated on the reverse with gum arabic? Something about two cents."—*Montreal Star*.

Shhh!—Judge—Why did you shoot your husband with a bow and arrow?

Woman—I didn't want to wake the children.—*Galt Reporter*.

Contagious Disease—A man went to a mental specialist.

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked the doctor.

The patient responded by vigorously brushing imaginary things off his arm, explaining, "See? I have dragons on my sleeves."

"The specialist, backing away, screamed: 'Well, you don't have to brush them off on me!'"—*Kirkland Lake Daily News*.

Superabundance—A wealthy man planned a luxurious lodge deep in the woods. He had a top-notch architect draw plans and hired a



small-town carpenter near the site to do the building.

After a few days he went out to see what progress had been made. Not one board was in place.

"It's them blueprints," said the carpenter angrily. "They're all wrong. Why, if I was to build that house the way the plans call for, you know what you'd have in it? You'd have two bathrooms."—*Galt Reporter*.

Small Beginning—"How is your son getting on with his medical studies?"

"Very well, thank you," replied the proud mother. "He can already cure very small children."—*Montreal Star*.

Melting Money—The occasion was a great state banquet given by Frederick the Great, and attended

by courtiers and noblemen of the realm.

"Gentlemen," the sovereign complained, "although we levy new taxes and duties, our revenues continue to diminish. Can you solve this problem?"

Expressions of various economic theories came thick and fast from the various wise men present, until an old general, one Zeithen by name, stood up and motioned for silence.

"If your Majesty desires," he remarked dryly, "I will show you what happens to the money."

Removing a large chunk of ice from a wise pitcher, and lifting it high for the inspection of all, he handed it to his neighbor and requested that it be passed on from hand to hand, down the great long table to the King. By the time it reached Frederick it was about the size of a pea.

"Now," said the old humor, "does your Majesty understand why the money is so pitifully reduced by the time it reaches your coffers?"

In the strange silence which followed a grim, unsmiling sovereign replied that he did.—*Galt Reporter*.

Explained—A young husband was recently playfully questioning his wife on her past.

"Tell me truly," he said, "did any other man ever kiss you?"

"Well," was the reply, "I was once up the river with a man and he started rocking the boat, at the same time exclaiming, 'Now, Mary, my dear, either you kiss me or we both drown.'"

"And did you kiss him?" gasped the husband.

"Was I drowned?" asked the wife.—*Welland-Port Colborne Tribune*.

Comfortable Fit—Two ladies who had not seen each other for a long time, met on the street.

"Oh! Mary," Blanch excitedly exclaimed, "I've had a lot happen to me since I saw you last. I had my teeth out and an electric stove and a refrigerator put in!"—*Calgary Albertan*.

WILFIE

By Jay Work



"Understanding one another makes for national unity..."

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Photo by Kersh.

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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

AT LEAST one fellow we know is happy that summer is here and along with it replacement programs to clear the radio networks of some of those quiz shows that plagued him all winter. Try as he might to dial them out he got trapped into listening to this sequence, which left him stupefied for days:

Quizmaster: What is the name of an author of a series of mystery novels whose chief character is Dr. Fu Manchu?

Contestant: Er...uh...ulp...

Quizmaster: The author's first name is also short for saxophone.

Contestant: E. Phillips Oppenheim!

...

When picketers of the Canadian Seaman's Union set out to lay siege to the Halifax office of the rival Seafarers' International Union they discovered all they had to work on at street level was a narrow doorway, the offices being upstairs. What's more, no matter how tight they made their picketing loop it was bound to overlap upon the sidewalk fronting the store next door. Wanting to do the right thing they marched their beat carrying, among placards berating the SIU, one which declared in bright red letters: "We are NOT picketing the Handy Andy store."

...

In a rural school in Manitoba the teacher explains the function of the body's circulatory, digestive and respiratory systems with the help of a big colored chart which diagrams the human body in the usual sterile schoolroom fashion—minus head, arms, legs and sex. Just before school closed, during a pre-exam review, teacher asked if there were



any points on which the seventh graders weren't clear. A little girl snapped her fingers, rose and asked whether the figure represented a man or woman, at which the teacher explained that it might be either.

"Oh, no—that must be a woman," exclaimed the youngster. "Men don't have lungs!"

...

We wouldn't believe this if it hadn't come from one of our most

reliable Parade operatives at the Lakehead. It concerns the big moment when Port Arthur and Port William, the warring twin cities, momentarily buried the hatchet long enough to celebrate the scrapping of old-style manual telephones for a new automatic system. "And now," a telephone official addressed Mayor



Hubert Badanai of Port William, "will you place the first call—to Mayor Fred Robinson of Port Arthur?"

And while all the special guests waited breathlessly Mayor Badanai stepped right up and dialed the wrong number.

...

We know of two delightful old ladies in Montreal, sisters and last survivors of one of the city's most respected old families, who, though in their late 70's and growing a bit hard of hearing, keep up with a busy round of events. It's this club today, that one tomorrow, and a strawberry social at the church on Saturday afternoon.

Well, the other evening they were off to a neighboring church hall for some function or another. They found a large crowd gathered, mostly men, but the atmosphere seemed to be most convivial. They were given a warm welcome, ushered to a comfortable seat, and thoroughly enjoyed the meeting which, though they didn't catch all of it by any means, seemed to be thoroughly inspirational in character. They were pleased to recognize the sons and grandsons of one or two old acquaintances, happy at this show of interest in good works by the younger generation.

Finally, all smiles, they shook hands with the minister whom they met in the hall at the end of the meeting, and went bustling off homeward. The surprised parson hadn't had the nerve to tell them they'd just sat in on a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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